

The

24-6

GRAIL



JUNE
1942

The Grail

Volume 24, No. 6

JUNE, 1942

IN THIS ISSUE

Between the Lines	<i>H. C. McGinnis</i>	177
The Search for the Padre's Cursed Treasure	<i>Lieutenant Harry E. Riesberg</i>	180
A Russian Mass	<i>John Quilty</i>	184
The Terrible Teens	<i>Marie B. Ryan</i>	189
The Jester's Prayer	<i>Aimée Torriani</i>	191
The Perfect Moon	<i>Shirley Warner</i>	195
Books and Booklets in Review		198
Gospel Movies	<i>Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.</i>	199
Wars Are His Business	<i>Bourke Elliott</i>	200
Who Listens?	<i>Quentin M. Phillip</i>	203
An Idea or Two	<i>Clare Hampton</i>	205
Echoes from Our Abbey Halls		206
Editorials	<i>Paschal Boland, O.S.B.</i>	208

THE GRAIL

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THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$1.00 a year: Canada \$1.25; Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

**THE GRAIL,
ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA**

We employ no agents.

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BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

Pacific Charter

THERE IS a growing idea that a Pacific Charter, drawn upon the lines of the Atlantic Charter but specifically pertaining to the Pacific, is needed. Perhaps, before long, there will be one. When the Atlantic Charter was enunciated, it was intended to cover all portions of the world, but India's failure to accept British proposals for a dominion status have led many to believe that a special pronouncement covering Asiatic peoples would serve to clear up much of the misunderstanding existing between the white and colored races. Asiatic suspicions may be based upon their belief that many past pronouncements seemed to apply only to white peoples, with China and Japan sometimes added when the political situation demanded it.

That a definite, clear cut pronouncement regarding the political and economic integrity of various Asiatic groups would bring huge reinforcements to the United Nations in their struggle against totalitarian aggression is indicated by the Filipino stand against Japan. It goes without saying that the Philippine Commonwealth fully trusts the American intention of granting Filipino independence at the specified time. In fact, so complete is this Filipino confidence that, for some time prior to December 7, many Filipinos, alarmed by Japan's aggressive Asiatic moves, began to fear that the United States would insist upon carrying out its agreement, despite the fact that Japan might be an increasing threat at the time. Many Filipino leaders had already begun to voice the sentiment that a Philippine Commonwealth, joined to the United States politically, would enjoy all the freedom of, and more security than, a politically independent State.

But, regardless of all this, when Japan attacked the islands the Filipinos fought and continue to fight as free men always do. They knew full well that they were not sacrificing themselves for political and economic masters domiciled thousands of miles away, but were fighting for an early freedom of their own. Contrast the Filipino resistance with that of the Burmese who had no freedom to which to aspire. To them a master was a master and when a choice was necessary, they chose one of their own color. Or contrast Bataan with the Malay Peninsula. Japan is probably burning much joss to Buddha in thankfulness that it didn't have the Filipinos to contend with when marching down the Malayan jungles.

THERE ARE few who believe that white imperialism will ever again gain footholds in Asia. China, for example, has fully proved her right to national integrity in all things and we may be sure that China's leader would never have gone to India to plead for Indian collaboration with Britain had he not been given previously strong assurances that, after the war, China could proceed in her own development unharassed by outside imperialism. It is doubtful if Britain will attempt to renew her Chinese concessions when the victory is won; for, although certain Tory elements in her government might desire to for economic reasons, the British public is getting fed up on imperialism, if its approval of Sir Stafford Cripps' plans for India can be used as a gauge.

The United States has always been one of China's warmest friends and has never held any territorial concessions such as have been enjoyed by several other nations.

American attempts in behalf of Chinese national integrity are too well known to require discussion and American preparation of the Philippines for independence proves conclusively that this nation has no territorial ambitions on the far side of the Pacific. Yet the wily Jap propagandists are partially nullifying these facts in their fairly successful work among Asiatics by pointing out that the United States is allied with Britain and Holland, both of whom have extensive holdings.

However, Britain's failure to negotiate successfully with India's leaders does not prove any British insincerity about its part under the Atlantic Charter. India's many conflicting racial and religious elements make a satisfactory settlement impossible except after long drawn out discussions. Yet reports show that totalitarian propagandists are claiming that Britain offered a solution which would be almost certain of Indian rejection and are using such assertions in their attempts to prove to other Asiatic peoples that Japan is shedding its blood so freely for Asia's general good.

SINCE A dangerous junction between Hitler and Japan must be made through India or the States immediately to India's north, it is important that these points be protected against Axis fifth columnists' propaganda and intrigue. A Pacific Charter, a specifically Pacific Charter, definitely guaranteeing against future imperialism in Asiatic and Pacific countries, would practically nullify for the duration the work of the fifth columnists and also give all Asiatics a strong incentive to defend themselves fiercely against totalitarian aggression.

Such a document would also have most heartening effects upon all democracies. World War I fell so far short of its idealistic objectives and proved so disillusioning to those peoples who made such tremendous sacrifices that peace might reign on earth that the moral aims of this conflict can not be too strongly or too frequently expressed. The more clearly that the democracies see that their present sacrifices are made to

remove those injustices which are the causes of so much strife, hatred, and unhappiness among mankind, the more vigorously they will pursue their objectives. Although a Pacific Charter may be technically unnecessary since its probable points have been included already in the broad Atlantic Charter, it still would be a priceless paper, even though much of it might be a repetition of what has been said before. In view of

past experiences, Asiatic peoples can scarcely be blamed if they feel the need of assurance upon assurance; and since the pronouncements of democratic aims made by our President and Prime Minister Churchill are trustworthy and sincere, there can be no harm and much good in an additional statement that will assure these people that they will be permitted to enjoy the freedom God intended they should have.

Peace Offensives

THE WAR has arrived at the point where peace offensives can be expected. Although in many cases they will come through neutral sources, they will be started by those who see they have the most to lose by continuing the struggle. The Axis is rapidly approaching that place, for, with America's might now turned most definitely to winning the war, it should be daily more apparent to thinking Axis leaders that they can not possibly hope to win. Even should 1942 prove to be fruitful in Axis gains, the totalitarians would still be a long way from winning the war. The United States, with its millions of men and almost unlimited resources, has scarcely begun to fight and much of Britain's tremendous weight has yet to be felt. Should the Axis win substantial Spring and Summer victories, it is almost certain that it will start a peace drive, knowing that these victories can not continue indefinitely and that it can bargain better with recent victories on the table.

German military leaders are not unmindful of 1918. Then their Spring offensive seemed unstoppable and was until the Yanks stopped it at Chateau Thierry. Yet November of that same year saw Germany prostrate, its navy in mutiny, its armies retreating, its civilian population without hope. When the Central Powers finally asked for an armistice, their request was granted, even though many Allied leaders felt sure the peace would be more lasting if the war were carried into Germany to give the German people a sample of the misery they had been dishing out. These leaders

were over ruled on the grounds that too much blood had been shed already and while that seemed the logical stand at the time, hindsight proves that Germany had not yet learned enough about war's horrors to keep it peaceful for long. Had war's miseries been brought home to Germany more fully, it is very doubtful if the present conflict would be raging.

Since practically all Americans ordinarily desire peace rather than war and since premature peace talk will be vigorously pushed by Axis propagandists and sympathizers in this country,—often through cleverly disguised fronts—it is well to give this question present consideration. The American people want peace, to be sure; but we certainly do not want an armed truce which will be nothing more than a breathing spell in which world banditry will prepare for bigger outrages upon humanity. Peace at any price and at any time is not necessarily a true peace and true peace is what we seek.

LET US examine this question, paralleling present conditions with similar conditions in World War I. While many of our ideas concerning Germany's present internal conditions must necessarily be speculation, Germany's condition during like periods of the last war are now definite knowledge. With this in mind, let us try to see why Hitler and his junior partners might possibly desire the war's quick end, despite many blatant declarations that they will never stop fighting until the entire world has been conquered.

After all, it is only natural for a leader to try to save himself and also save his nation as much as possible. During the winter of 1917-18, Allied leaders could only suspect the true conditions in the Central Powers, but the Kaiser and his advisors knew them for a certainty. German strategists realized that their only hope lay in one more great offensive into which they must pour every available ounce of strength smashing the Allies before full American strength could be brought into action. Consequently, the German people were exhorted to almost superhuman efforts through declarations that 1918's Spring would see the launching of the final Victory Drive. Hungry Germans tightened their belts and got set for one more try. True, they had been told this before and the victory hadn't materialized, but Germany's armies were still intact and the previous months had been far from discouraging in a military sense. The Spring drive started promisingly and got within 17 miles of Paris before it ran into the Yanks. The Germans, from highest to lowest, had, and still have, the deepest respect for American power when once aroused. When Germany's army began to retreat, German morale broke. The Kaiser tried desperately to wangle peace while he could still bargain, but the collapse was so complete and sudden that all bargaining was impossible.

Today we can not know for certain what stocks of materials the Nazis have on hand, but common-sense tells us that even the huge pre-war stocks accumulated by them

must be now badly depleted, with very few and uncertain hopes for their increase. Knowing how widely a few months of war have changed our own internal economy, we can well imagine what changes have taken place in Germany during the past three years. Then, too, Hitler's early victories came about through his new gadgets of war—the dive-bombers, panzer divisions, and mechanized infantry. Now he finds these early advantages matched and being rapidly surpassed by his opponents. He may have some new variations of making war up his sleeve, but he would undoubtedly require new raw materials and a breathing spell to prepare them. A premature armistice would give him just that.

FROM ALL appearances, Italy's military value to the Axis has already been almost neutralized, leaving only Japan to be considered. It is now known that Japan had been laying up heavy war stocks for many years. However, an unexpected long and successful resistance by the Chinese both depleted these stocks and shattered the dream of unlimited new Chinese resources. It is the opinion among even conservative thinkers that Japan can not possibly be prepared for a long, exhausting struggle. Her unannounced attack upon this country indicates a desire for a quick finish. Since then, her campaigns have created many long communication lines which would strain any nation to maintain and it is known that Japan has suffered severe shipping losses already. Japan's military clique, suffering from the same super-egotism which affects Nazi warlords so seriously, failed entirely to properly estimate the true character of the American people and even these vain, conceited, arrogant little brown men must have many sober moments since they have met a few American fighters here and there. When they think of Bataan and the damage and humility they suffered at the hands of a few thousand Americans and then remember that before the war is over they must face millions upon millions of similar Americans, they can scarcely

be blamed if they get the heebie-jeebies and want to quit.

Peace feelers will probably increase as the months roll on and the might of the United Nations becomes more and more evident, as it will since America's war production efforts are now hitting on all cylinders. If so, inside the nations propositioned, steady propaganda will be waged upon their publics. Much of this pressure for peace is waged from the pulpit, some Christian leaders feeling that war should always be stopped at the earliest possible moment, regardless of all other considerations. While these people usually mean their efforts to be for the very best, they often fail to see that a premature peace is often nothing more than an open invitation to more and perhaps far more serious wars. In their enthusiasm for harmony among men they evidently fail to remember that when Jesus physically drove the money-changers from the temple, He did not drive them half way and then admonish them to be good. He completed his job while He was at it and drove them completely out. Or perhaps they fail to remember another occasion in which God had Joshua command the sun to stand still, so that the day would last long enough for the Israelites to make their victory decisive. If a premature peace could be a satisfactory one, then further bloodshed would be criminal; but when the enemy is composed of unscrupulous and ruthless bandits who are willful aggressors against common decency and world security, then their threat must be thoroughly vanquished. This is especially true when these bandits are once on the run and the completion of the job will require less losses than would another entirely new attempt.

It must be remembered that today Hitler and his allies hold practically all of Europe and a large part of Asia. Also they are far from beaten in military matters. Therefore they are in position to bargain. Even if an early peace settlement were made on a 75-25 basis with the Axis taking the smaller end—a preposterous idea in view of their present situation—the peace would still be unjust for

those nations included in the Axis retentions and causes of future hatreds and strife would still exist. Since the war has been purely one of Axis aggression, any infinitesimal part of Axis gains that they might retain in a peace settlement would constitute an injustice to those involved. For the peace to be fair and just, and possibly lasting, the Axis must relinquish all its gains and this it would be unwilling to do until a crushing defeat makes a choice impossible. Any peace overtures by nations, at first victorious and then facing defeat, show an unmistakable desire to retain as much as possible of their earlier gains.

TWICE within the present quarter century Germany has disturbed world peace and has caused the loss of millions of lives and untold miseries. Evidently World War I did not sufficiently impress the German people with war's tremendous price, for the German nation surrendered quickly when it started receiving what it had been giving so freely. Japan has never suffered an invasion of her islands and her people have no war misery to put into the scale against war's supposed glories. Perhaps a sound thrashing will make them more thoughtful in the future, for these people who could crow in delight when their soldiers tied prisoners into bundles and then cold bloodedly bayoneted them, showed a near panic when even the first small bombs fell into their own territory.

It is not pleasant for a peace loving people like Americans to insist that the war go on to a most definite conclusion when an earlier peace is offered, but duty and commonsense are stern masters. Since each modern war is far more frightful than its predecessors and causes civilian losses which equal combatant ones, a possible World War III is absolutely too awful to contemplate, even in the imagination. Therefore the American people have fully determined that there must be no half way measures this time in ridding the world of those causes which so frequently interrupt the world's happiness and which could possibly destroy it entirely.



The Search for the Padre's Cursed Treasure

Lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg

(Continued)

THE LOCATION of the ill fated *Santa Cruz's* sinking as given in these musty archives, cited the following:—

"3 leagues from Solango are 2 rocks called Los Ahorcados, these appear both high and dark...besides these, N. N. E. from Point St. Helena, is a high rock which to windward thereof runs shoaling for the space of one-half mile under water....it is a distance about 8 leagues from the said point, and is called Chanduy...at this place and upon this rock was lost the ship...the rock lies 2 leagues distant from the main..."

The octopus is beginning to wrap its huge tentacles about the observation bell.

The robot by which the tentacles of the huge octopus were clamped off. The pictures were made from out of the vision plates of this robot, at a depth of 30 fathoms, by the lights on the arms.

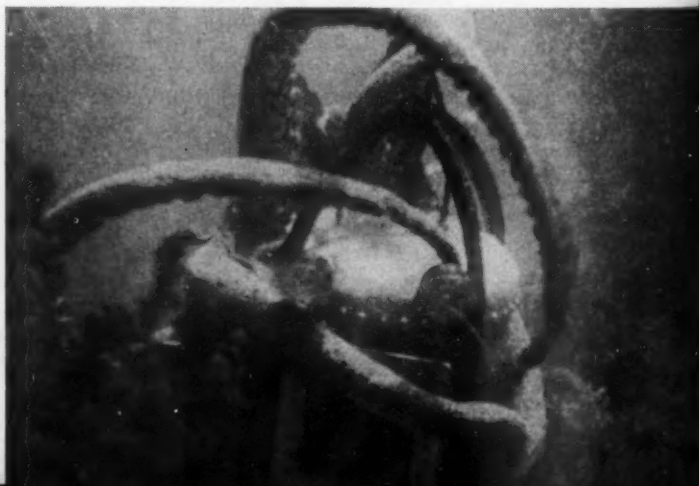
Thus, from this parchment and record, it appeared that the wreck lay about nine miles offshore from Point Santa Helena. In this particular area the coast is ringed round by the sides of a mountain which descends very near the shore, and the winds and tides are extremely difficult for salvaging operations. However, even at this later date, after heavy storms at sea the natives often gather from the sands of these nearby beaches numerous pieces of eight,

sometimes a gold peso and doubloon and now and then other darkened coins of ancient origin.

It was the finding of these ancient coins that enticed and decided us to make the attempted search for the balance, if any, of this vast fortune in Spanish treasure, a treasure which was once consigned by a Spanish monarch for an English king to war upon his own subjects!

The events taking place on our passage enroute to the waters of Manta Bay will be omitted here, the intervention of storms, and the many fruitless descents to ascertain the contour of the sea bed thereabouts before we felt we had finally located the spot which might prove to be the possible location of the ill fated galleon.

The hulk of the famous galleon had of course been deteriorated by the elements and salt water long years ago, and much of it had washed away, piece by piece, out to sea. But the treasure, due to its weight, we believed must still rest where the craft went down.



Searching for the resting place of the *Santa Cruz* was a problem that had baffled the finest navigators and treasure hunters for many years. We found many wrecks by the dragging kedge-anchors and the location-finders, but none was the particular hulk we were in search of. Finally, on the tenth day, we were over the spot where we had decided to make our explorations.

At last the day came for our actual underwater operations. It was bright, with a cloudless sky and the sea with scarcely a ripple on its surface. So translucent was the water that the bottom at six to ten fathoms appeared to be within reach of one's outstretched hands, every detail standing out sharply. To our treasure seeking eyes, the sea played strange tricks. Great fingers of formations seemed to be the timbers and gaunt ribs of sunken wrecks, strange sea growths looked like buried kegs or round chests.

Then came the order to "Drop anchor!"

The huge robot was made ready for the descent to the bottom. This ultra-modern type of diving sphere was a strange device, a mass of cold steel and iron, with a set of three powerful electric lights on the nine-foot toggle-jointed arms and in the head, which throws a beam about a hundred or more feet into the murky underwater gloom of the deep void.

I had now prepared myself for the descent by donning an old sweater, heavy woolen socks and moccasins. I crawled into the aperture of the huge, ungainly device. Swiftly the watertight trap was closed on me, locked and bolted down. A moment more and the monster robot was lifted from the deck as the winches groaned, swung up and over the schooner's rails—and slowly sank into the sea!

Down—down—down I went. As they lowered me within the all-metal ball and paid out the length of half-inch cable, from out of the vision plates I caught glimpses of curious fish. They slipped up to me and then darted easily away. Down, down I continued to go through the still, green waters. Gradually the light became fainter, the water duller, darker. Within the robot it was as still as the inside of a locked vault. Somewhat like being within the hollowed-out interior of a gigantic golf ball.

Presently the electrician on deck began to talk into the telephone to me, the other end of which was attached to my head by a snap-band. Over these I was in touch with him every moment.

"How far down now?" I asked, as I touched bottom.

The winchman sang out, and I heard it distinctly through the telephone: "F-o-r-t-y - t-w-o f-a-t-h-o-m-s!" He stopped his engines.

I was resting amid some wreckage. It appeared like some bulky mass of barnaced and shell-encrusted craft of some sort. At that depth the formation thereabouts seemed to be almost black in color, while the fish were multi-colored, thousands of them. I was moved along at my orders, and as I did so I noticed the bulky mass, hidden as it was by the accumulation of the sea growth and half-buried in the deep sands of the sea-bed. Yet, as I examined it, the bulk showed up to be the remains of a very old ship, a ship such as I had never seen except in pictures and drawings, a vessel whose rotted and broken timbers still showed traces of a lofty sterncastle with high bluff bows.

As I poked about with my iron-beclawed hands I came upon two ornate, shell-encrusted cannon. There was not a doubt now that I had stumbled upon the wreck of a Spanish or Portuguese craft of the Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century. Only by striking every object with the iron claws was I able to determine which was natural growth and which were portions of the wrecked hulk.

Tearing away the masses of weed and barnacles upon the gaunt timbers, I was dropped between the massive ribs of the wreck, where I dug away the sand that half filled the old hulk. Bit by bit the wreck was worked over. After breaking off encrustations of shell and other debris of sea-growth, accumulated deposits of the years, there appeared a bundle of rent and twisted ironwork, hatch-bands, chain, iron plates, toggles, a massive iron ring that had once held the water sail-yard beneath the ancient galleon's bowsprit.

Next was unearthed a kettle, crudely made—no doubt hand forged—with five riveted, pronged legs. Then a shell-encrusted iron grapple, some metal plates on which the galleon's crew had once been fed, a grindstone, worn and out of shape, on which possibly many a knife and sword had once been sharpened, or perhaps some Spanish Don's halberd. Many other articles were recovered from the sand and encrustation, many of whose original purposes were a deep mystery to me.

The descent the next morning, the twelfth day at the reefs, caused some excitement on board the schooner. While below, I uncovered almost immediately upon reaching the bottom a huge lump which I sent up in the sling by the cable. I reported over the telephone that I thought perhaps it might be some sort of treasure. When it was swung onto the deck chisels and hammers smashed into the formation with which it was thickly encased. There was the dull gleam of yellow in the broken crust. And that strange madness that grips men when gold in untold amounts is at stake seemed to permeate the surroundings on deck above. I could hear them

over the telephone all the way down to the bottom. They grabbed each other and danced, and yelled madly. But fortune was not so easily found, for as the find was finally uncovered and the patina scratched away, it turned out to be an immense kettle made of copper with huge bronze legs and a long spout, built up of many sheets of thin copper of varying thicknesses and riveted together as many such utensils were constructed in those early centuries. Possibly this copper was from the Peruvian mines at Potosi, and smelted in ores that were rich in silver and gold.

I was now on the spot where the stern of the galleon, for galleon it was from all the evidences shown by the various finds, had at one time rested, and I now felt that luck was with me and the age-old jinx that seemed to guard sunken treasure in lost ships was gone. Outside my robot, one of my divers in a conventional diving-bell—better known as an observation bell—was making photographs of the myriad vari-colored fish which abounded in this area. I was watching him for a moment through my own vision plates.

Then, suddenly, through my glass there showed in the searchlight's powerful beam a dark cleft in the jagged, slime-covered rock formation on my right. Finny denizens quickly scurried for safety. And then there showed a grey, repulsive-looking mass with long, snaky arms, that dreaded creature feared by all suited divers—a giant octopus!

What followed seemed like a bad dream. Indeed, to those who have never been under at such a depth the story sounds incredible, almost like a night-mare, or a passage from some particularly lurid dime novel or movie horror feature.

The huge creature, which was one of the largest I had ever seen in all my underwater exploits and experiences, crawled along the seaway through a natural trough leading from its lair, raising itself on its many-cupped tentacles like some gargantuan tarantula. Almost immediately it spotted the observation bell.

From my vantage point behind some of the timbers of the old hulk's remains I was able to photograph the creature through the half-inch lens of the robot in which I was encased, by means of a camera specially designed for underwater work of this nature. Powerful lights attached to the head of the robot illumined the scene before me.

Abruptly the octopus raised itself on its long, snaky arms, moving quickly toward the observation bell like a boxer circling his opponent. Suddenly one long arm lashed out madly, curling round the bell, then another and another—furiously the huge creature shook the steel bell as a terrior would a rat. Conscious of the opportunity to get some pictures that possibly never had been filmed before, I kept my camera going, realizing that in spite of its size there was no way the boneless monster could break inside the great steel device in which my other diver was encased.

But it was time for action. The giant creature seemed infuriated and was thrashing madly in an apparent attempt to crush the chamber and get inside to the man within. The bell had been so shaken by the huge creature that the observer was stunned into unconsciousness. But more important than this were his airlines. A diver must be extremely careful to keep his lines clear, for upon them he depends for a life-giving supply of oxygen and outlet for bad air. My robot carried its own oxygen tanks, but not with the observation bell. The tentacles of the infuriated creature were so completely encircling the bell that there was danger of the air lines being entangled, possibly broken.

As rapidly as I could I emerged from the shelter of the wreck and, working up behind the octopus, managed to lift one of the steel claws on the arm of the robot and by means of a lever within, to sever one of the soft-writhing tentacles. Immediately the monster spewed forth a cloud of its inky defense fluid, a regular barrage which darkened the water considerably. One of the long tentacles thrashed out and wrapped itself around one of my beclawed arms. Again I clamped down on the lever



Seeing that the octopus was dead, there was no hesitation in approaching the great creature and cutting its remaining tentacles from about the observation bell.

—this disconnected the tentacle from the loathsome mass of nauseating flesh. Again this happened, and again, until five of the tentacles had been severed. Still the crippled monster struggled, writhing and spewing more and more of the blue-black fluid. But the stumps of its arms were useless and gradually it weakened, sliding helplessly over on its side.

Then, quickly, I signalled to the surface to be hauled up.

I descended later, together with another diver, both of us in a conventional diving-suit, which gave us more freedom. But this time the water had cleared somewhat, permitting the closeup pictures of the dead octopus as we worked to free the diving bell from the remaining tentacles.

On the following day I went down again, this time with blasts connected to a wire and held tightly between the fingers of my steel claws. After digging about, a suitable place was located to spot the fuses. Making certain that they were well set, I quickly made my ascent to the surface and was swung aboard the schooner. Sails were then hoisted, the schooner slowly moved to a safe distance, and the plunger shoved home. Shortly a dull, smothered boom was faintly heard and a small column of water shot high into the air.

Two hours later I was on my way down again, the steel sling following me.

Torn loose from their sea-bed grave by the explosion were parts of firearms and weapons, broken dishes, hammers and torn and twisted bits of copper, brass and other metals, cannon balls and gun flints. Ploughing through the littered debris, the robot overturned loose rock, sea shells, squirming fish and writhing sea worms until I came upon what appeared to be a crude iron chest, oblong in shape. My hopes began to soar as I lifted it into the sling net, and then looked about to see if there was anything else which might appear worth raising to the surface.

"Take the net away!" I ordered into my telephone, and followed with another to haul me to the surface.

The winches wheezed and rattled as the dripping, slimy cable reeled in over the schooner's side and the sling followed. As the ancient chest fell from the net, the encrustation broke from it and the lid flew open, spewing forth hundreds, thousands it seemed, of metal discs roughly octagonal in shape, heavy slugs, irregular round pieces of eight, a gold doubloon here and there, brown and discolored, but gleaming dull yellow when the patina of years was scratched away.

A great cheer went up from the men as they dropped to their knees and gathered up the scat-

tered coins. For a few minutes the wildest sort of confusion reigned, but gradually the grinning men began acting more normally.

Had we found the resting place of the *Santa Cruz*? Was this hulk, which had given up its cache of treasure, the remains of the *Santa Cruz*? We finally had to admit that it was improbable. For the ancient manuscript recorded a cargo of "*more than thirty million pieces of eight and gold bullion*"—and this chest contained an equivalent of four hundred thousand of such corroded and blackened discs, with an approximate value of \$40,000!

If the manuscript of the ending of the *Santa Cruz* is as authentic as I believe it to be, then I believe our calculations were off a little and the hulk we discovered and salvaged was probably some unrecorded galleon that foundered in the same area—or else there were other chests somewhere down there amid the sand buried deep.

We had quite a party that night on board the schooner. In the course of the celebration, one of the members of our party asked me, "How do you feel about the Padre's curse now?"

"Let's not start tempting our luck," I told him. "We know what's happened in the past to people who were out to get the treasure. Quite a few of them went down—and didn't come up again. I'm not so sure that we didn't find the *Santa Cruz*—but one of these days I'm going to make another try to see if I missed some of the other chests!"

As matters stood, none of us were very unhappy. We'd had a good trip, and an exciting one. In three weeks we'd brought up sunken treasure to the tune of \$40,000—and it looked mighty good to all of us. Even our small schooner, as we ploughed northward to San Francisco seemed to ride with a new and triumphant buoyancy.



A Russian Mass

John Quilty

A LONG with most Americans I have always been prejudiced against Russians. All Russians were as belligerent Communists as Stalin himself! But one day lately Father Thomas asked me to meet him and attend a Russian Mass. (Father Thomas had been my math teacher in high school, a severe old bird if ever there was one.)

So I found myself standing outside the door of Chicago's Catholic Cathedral, Holy Name, waiting for him and watching the crowd, four and five deep, plowing their way through the Cathedral's great doors. Pushing my hands deep into my pockets I stared at the throngs. I was upset and deeply bothered. Because they were all Russians. They were in gay American dresses and tweed suits. But all were black-haired, all had square, peasant-built bodies inside their American clothes; their faces stamped with the definite Slavic features.

I thought the remnant of Russians today that weren't Communists were Greek Orthodox—descendants of that great mass of Russian people who a thousand years ago had separated themselves from Holy Mother Church.

Yet, there they were this sunny morning filling the Catholic Cathedral of Chicago from wall to wall! It was a great surprise to me. In fact I wouldn't have stayed for this Mass and Ordination of Russian priests except that Father Thomas's feelings might have been hurt.

I allowed myself to be carried along with the throng and found myself inside the Cathedral. While I stared at the stout little people all around me I was thinking how very lenient it was of Holy Mother Church to allow them to keep their queer forms of prayer and ancient way of saying the Mass.

Father Thomas warned me a little beforehand about the way the Russians say Mass. They didn't even say Mass in Latin. But in a language called old Slavonic and the Mass today would be the same

as the Greek-Orthodox Rite used. I really thought that was going too far. Why didn't the Pope make them say Mass in Latin, and our way, like any other decent Roman Catholic priests?

That was the trouble with me. I couldn't really believe these Russian priests could be good Roman Catholic priests. They got married, the Russian priests! But Father Thomas said that hasn't been permitted in the United States for the last twenty years.

I pushed my way out onto the Cathedral steps again. I stared at the crowding Russians morosely. I was trying to think of more of the reasons why I disliked them.

But deeper than any thought was the feeling of discomfort I had as I stared at the hurrying little people. I had a feeling almost of panic.

The trouble with me was that I have thrilled to the Roman Liturgy since Father Peter pushed my nose into a Missal four years ago in high school.

And this Russian Mass was to be the most Holy Sacrifice all distorted and twisted around. Holy Communion under Both Species, Bread

and Wine. Every part of the Mass changed, with queer additions, queerer subtractions, not said in Latin! The whole thing seemed irreverent.

I guessed I'd go home. I was down the steps pushing through the crowd, and half way to the street-car stop when Father Thomas caught me. His hand was a wrestler's grip upon my elbow,

"Here! John! Couldn't you get a seat? That's a shame. Come on. We'll go through this cloister door and sit in the sacristy."

The dynamic old priest had me going up the Cathedral steps while my hands waved feebly, protesting. Father Thomas always had been the bossiest, can't-say-no-to, old priest in the academy.

"Wouldn't miss this for anything! You've always



loved church services done to an exact perfection—"A thrilled pulse of excitement in Father Thomas's sand-paper voice made me goggle-eyed with surprise. Dumbfounded. I'd never seen the harsh old man excited about anything in my life.

He said, "Liturgists say this is the most beautiful of all the forms and prayers in the Church! Never seen it myself. Only heard about the heart-warming beauty and splendor of this form of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

I was staring at him so I tripped over my own feet as we went up the three steps into the sacristy. Father Thomas didn't even notice. We pulled up short. His voice was going on positively exultant. Between having Father Thomas exultant and the dazing surprise of the words he was saying, I was baffled!

The sacristy was crowded to the doors with vested clergy. Half of them were in vestments that I had never seen anything like in my life before. With lifted eyebrows and critical glance at the tall black-haired priests, I realized that these must be Russian priests, deacons and other Russian dignitaries.

Father Thomas was digging in his pocket like a lean old stork, "Brought you a Missal—Ancient-Slavonic—English on the other side of the page!" Father Thomas wormed the little book from his pocket. "Not many Latin Catholics have ever seen what you're going to see. The Mass and Ordination of Russian priests."

His boney old finger tapped the booklet's gold cover, "I like this quotation from the Pope's recent encyclical, especially. Almost poetry."

Father Thomas's voice was soft and warm as he read, "To study the Eastern Rites will profit—Western clergy and laity who will thus (by these wonderful prayers)—be excited to yet a warmer love for the true-bride of Christ whose bewitching beauty in the diversity of Her various rites they will be enabled to see more clearly and impressively."

"That's what the Pope says, about this Eastern or Oriental Liturgy." Father Thomas gave me a searching look. "There are half a dozen other Liturgies or ways of saying Mass besides the Latin form. You know that, don't you? Armenian, Coptic, Ethiopian, oh, several more."

I'd never heard such a scandalous thing in my life! Every word of the Mass was a personal intimate part of my heart from my use of the Missal. I was beginning to feel not only dazed but mad. I muttered stubbornly, "But why—why? Why Slavonic like today? Why doesn't Holy Mother Church make them all say Mass in our Latin way?"

Father Thomas stared at me. "Why should she?

Anything particularly holy about Latin? All the Church asks is that the language of the Mass be a dead language, not in common use, and thus changing. You know that."

I felt sizzling with questions. My mind angrily rejected this topsy-turnover, as hazily I questioned, "I thought all Russians hated the Catholic Church. Since when have these Russians been part of the Holy Roman Catholic Church? How many are there in the United States?"

"How the dickens should I know? Always statistics!" Father Thomas looked at me irritably. He beckoned a young man standing at the sacristy door who was smiling at the old priest's ire. "Michal!"

Father Thomas muttered excitedly, "Michal is going to be made a Russian priest today. He is a Benedictine monk."

The young man came forward. The sunken thinness of Michal's cheeks made me stare. Then his hand warmly grasped mine. But I realized from the tremor in that warm young hand—the young monk was under a strain that had drained all color from his face. I saw the pulse pounding in the frontal lobe of his forehead.

This was an incredibly momentous hour for him. To be elevated to the rank of the Men of God.

His soft gold vestment was as long and wide as a Gothic Chasuble, a foot-wide golden stole crossed over his shoulder and hung to the floor. I realized hazily—this was the robe of the Russian diaconate.

Michal smiled. In a soft young voice, "Five hundred years ago a large group of Russians in the Ukraine under their Bishop's leadership united themselves to Rome."

"How many in the U. S.?" Father Thomas queried.

"About five hundred thousand." Suddenly a steely harsh look came over Michal's young face. It was astounding, that gentle youthful face could get such a look of iron resolution. "Five hundred thousand souls to tend with only two Shepherds, Bishop Bohachevsky, and Bishop Takach. And there are only a hundred and eighty priests, to fill all the hundreds of parishes. All Russian pastors are caring for three or four parishes each. Parishes are terribly scattered. Because the two dioceses between them cover all the States, wherever there are Russian Roman Catholics. The majority are in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Nebraska."

Just then the heavily-built stately figure of a man strode through the sacristy door with a swirl of red vestments. I eyed him. The Russian Bishop, perhaps? Michal smiled, edged me over toward him, "His Grace, Bishop Takach. His energy and competency are accomplishing the impossible in our

awful situation. But he pushes himself to a killing pace."

Father Thomas gave me a push behind and I found myself unwillingly accosting the Bishop.

In a moment my hand was lost in the crushing grip of the aged Bishop Takach. The strong heavy tones of His Grace's voice fastened down words as a carpenter sends nails home through a board. "The situation is bad. We are terribly in need of priests. But my people in the majority are only first and second generation. They are barely able to keep food in their mouths. You know the mining towns of Pennsylvania? Then you know what they have been suffering in the last ten years—heads of families only getting one day's work a week in the mine. Impossible for them to support seminaries." Suddenly the Bishop's harsh voice softened and a few of the creviced lines on his forehead smoothed-out.

"His Holiness Pope Pius XI stepped in to apply a sorely needed remedy. Five years ago Pope Pius appointed the Benedictine Monastery, St. Procopius, outside of Chicago, the seminary for the Russian Catholic priesthood in the United States. So my zealous young Russians who are anxious to save their people to God, come out of the mines of Pennsylvania. And I send them on to the Benedictine monks for their training." The Bishop was smiling proudly up at Michal and another young man whom Father Thomas introduced as Nicholas, the other Ordinand. This young man was as tall and dark-haired as Michal was light.

I said in a dazed voice, waving my hand helplessly at them, "But, Your Grace, I understood these two young men were Benedictine monks?"

Everyone began to talk at once but the firm heavy tones of the Bishop I understood, "They are Benedictine monks. But they are my young men too." His eyes rested on them in proud affection. "When I ordain them today they will be the first Benedictine monks in the United States who are also Russian priests.

"They are going to start a Russian Benedictine Monastery when their numbers are augmented. They are another point of attack in the battle to save our people. My monks will be able to work where the people are so poor they cannot support a pastor. My monks will facilitate the change to

an unmarried clergy. Also they will travel in mission bands to the different parishes. And they will foster vocations among our young men. Although," the Bishop's smile was proud, yet infinitely sad, "we have more vocations, now, young men of intellectual strength and ardor, than we can find means to educate."

A little old man in scarlet vestments, with two tall black robed monks on either side of him came through the cloister door into the sacristy. He walked with a stooped slow gait of age; his small spade-beard rested on the scarlet and lace of his vestments.

Bishop Takach laid his hand gently on the thin old arm. "This is Abbot Procopius. It is he and his monks who have opened their monastery and undertaken the training of our boys under the Pope's appointment. It has not been easy for the Roman Rite teachers and preparers to the priesthood to take under their charge our boys with their different backgrounds, Liturgy and Church language."

The little Abbot beamed at the Bishop as he stood between his stately black-robed Rectors. "Your young men are very zealous, Your Grace. They are a delight to teach. We have fifty-eight of your young men at St. Procopius now. And many more applicants than we can accept."

Young Michal awkwardly, nervously, shoving the soft silken-gold vestments back from his arms, stepped forward, "Abbot Procopius, and Your Grace, the Master of Ceremonies says the clergy are already going up the nave of the Cathedral. He asks you to take the last position in the Procession as place of honor."

Father Thomas's hand fell on my shoulder, "Come on! We'll kneel at the sacristy door. Attend Mass from there. Then I can explain things."

From where Father Thomas and I knelt in the sacristy door looking over the thronged Cathedral, a feeling of deep and mystical tension sang through the air. It was overpowering to be here in these stone-walls where the ceremony was to take place—the solemn sanctifying, creating Men of God to the responsibility of standing for God in a turbulent world.

As the Russian clergy passed into the sanctuary they made a deep



bow from the waist, each one touching his forehead with the end of his stole. Their genuflection was an oriental salaam to the Hidden Majesty the Lord Most High upon the high altar, rather than the bending of the knee in our traditional way.

On the left side of the sanctuary sat the little Abbot of St. Procopius surrounded by his monks, the Latin and the Russian clergy.

The Bishop's throne was on the right side of the sanctuary.

I still didn't approve of not saying the Latin Mass. But staring bewilderedly through the columns of the Cathedral I couldn't help feeling the thrill in the air; there was a hushed expectancy surging in waves toward me.

The Bishop with a firm tread attended by the ten priests, the officers of the Mass, was ascending to the altar.

Father Thomas muttered under his breath, "You're going to get a surprise—in a minute!" I stared at him questioningly.

The organ rose. Then muted to gold chords.

Suddenly the choir rang forth. I felt my head jerk as if yanked round by a blow.

Such a burst of soaring song! Dumbfoundedly I stared at the choir loft.

The vibrant tones of the choir, the resonant throb of their voices—unless you've heard the famous Russian choruses you can have little grasp of the deep beauty of the Russian music of the Mass.

The rushing music was echoing through the arches and pillars coming to the Altar with the fiery strength of flames!

The choir was singing what the bishop was saying silently at the Altar. The philosophical depth of the prayer with its majestic chant had me wide-eyed.

"O Lord our God, whose might is beyond compare, whose glory is beyond all grasp, whose mercy is beyond all measure, and whose love for men beyond all telling, do Thou, O Lord, look down upon this holy house; and shew to us, and to those who pray with us, the riches of thy mercies and compassions."

And a little further in the Liturgy,

"O only-begotten Son and Word of God, who being immortal didst vouchsafe to take flesh for our salvation of the Holy Mother of God, and ever-virgin Mary; Thou who without change didst become man and wast crucified, O Christ our God, by death trampling upon death; thou who wast Thyself one of the Holy Trinity, who art glorified with the Father and the Holy Spirit, save us."

Father Thomas was too absorbed watching and praying to pay any attention to me. And I was so busy eyeing everything, listening to the glorious music I never thought to question him.

All the clergy went to a side altar. The Bishop

incensed the chalice of wine and the tiny loaf cut into many pieces. In solemn liturgical procession the body of clergy carried the Offerings to the main altar.

This was (my little Missal said) "The Grand Entrance" and the liturgical procession should come through the great icon doors—but of course in a Latin Rite Cathedral there was no such thing as ceiling-high icon-embazoned golden doors at the communion rail.

Bishop Takach turned to the people, holding the chalice and paten in his hands. The Russian Bishop lifted high the bread and wine cup as an offering to God, symbolizing our dependence on Him for life and food. Never before had I realized so vividly that I was taking part in *Giving of a Gift* at this the Offertory of the Mass.

The choir sang,

"Holy God,
Holy Strong One,
Holy and Immortal,
Have mercy on us."

The Bishop sat down, mitred, with his crozier in hand. All the officiating priests drew towards the altar steps as light beams toward the sun. Now the young monks were to be ordained. They were standing one at the north and one at the south sacristy doors, motionless as sentries.

They came with awkward haste and knelt at the Bishop's feet. They were deathly pale, and so young. In the solemn terror of the moment, I felt a small pulsing at the back of my head in sympathetic awe—the solemnity of the quickly-gathering action of the priests, the hush settling down over the Cathedral in blanketing waves from the towering arches, my eyes burned with the intensity of staring.

At a signal, the first young ordinate, Michal, rose to his feet. He slowly climbed the altar steps and bowed his head on the high altar before the door of the Tabernacle. The Bishop covered the head with the end of his stole. Then folding his strong, large-fingered hands over the young head he read the prayers of Consecration,

"—And grant unto him the mighty grace of Thy holy spirit, and make him wholly Thy servant, worthily exercising the great honours of the priesthood which Thou hast conferred upon him by Thy prescient power."

The Bishop lifted his hands. Immediately all the assisting clergy, as with one voice, startlingly vibrant chanted, "AgiOS!" "AgiOS!" (Worthy! Worthy!)

The Greek word of the Russian Rite surged like a sea! Nine times the clergy hailed the priest, intoning, "AgiOS!" "AgiOS!" "AgiOS!" I stared, my feelings shattered. The entire Cathedral was

echoing and re-echoing with the cry on three tones of triumphal chant.

The power and astonishing beauty of that soaring tribute—tongued by stalwart, male voices after each ordination was the embodiment of all the fiery electrifying moment—recognition of the new made Men of God.

The ordination of Nicholas followed after, with the same grandeur and dignity. The Master of Ceremonies helped the new priests don their chasubles; their hands were shaking so they needed help.

They were now to con-celebrate Mass with the Bishop. Wide-eyed I watched them ascend the altar steps to say the rest of the Mass with the Bishop, in this first exercise of their new powers.

As the Mass flowed on with increasing beauty I noticed in the Missal a phrase that recurred again and again in the prayers. One form of it was "for Thou art a Gracious God and lover of men—," another "Gracious lover of men—," again "Oh, Master and Lover of men—," still "Pitier of men—," and "Lover of men—." Over and over again, the warm affection of this title for Christ, "Lover of men," made my heart glow as if lighted by a burning brand.

The moment that excited me most "to warmer love for the True Bride of Christ" was the Elevation after the Consecration. Through these Russian priests I looked deeply, more clearly than I ever had in my life before into the "awful" Sacrifice I was offering. One young priest holding the Paten, the other the Chalice they crossed their hands so Paten and Chalice touched symbolizing the unity of the Sacrificial Victim. Slowly they elevated the Sacred Species while the clergy and congregation bowed low, "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we give Thee thanks, O Lord, and we pray to Thee, Our God."

Through my mind raced the Pope's words, "To study the Eastern rites will profit Western laity who will thus be excited to get a warmer love for the True Bride of Christ whose bewitching beauty they would be enabled to see more clearly."

At Communion, the Bishop placed in the hand of each priest a small section of the Sacred Loaf. Protectingly they folded their hands over it. Then they stood in a semi-circle at the foot of the altar. In brotherly union with head bowed low they reverently consumed the Gift. The Bishop stepped aside. One at a time the priests and deacons came slowly up the altar steps, elevated the Chalice in adoration, prayed over the Chalice, then drank from it.

As they drank from the Fount of Strength I found myself muttering, begging the Lord to give

Sword and Shield to the two young monk-priests. These young monks were the hope of the Russian Catholics in the United States. Father Thomas mumbled at my side, "As the Bishop said, they are in the U. S. the first Russian priests who are Benedictine monks. Traditionally monks have always had great influence among the Russian people.

"And it is terribly important that the Russian Catholics of the U. S. should be saved.

"It is only through these Russian Uniate Catholics that there can be any hope of bringing the Yugoslavs, Rumanians, Russians, etc., in the country into the fold of Mother Church."

I looked at Father Thomas blankly, "Why?"

Father Thomas smiled at me gently (which paralyzed me), "All those peoples, millions of them, are Orthodox, of course. But they all use this same beautiful Russian liturgy that we are taking part in right now in Holy Name Cathedral. The Orthodox love it passionately as they should love the prayers of their ancestors, the outpourings of saints. The Great Doctor St. John Chrysostom, coordinated their Liturgy!" Father Thomas shook his head sadly, "They would never consider returning to Mother Church if faced with the Latin Rite."

I lifted my eyes. Bishop Takach mitred was kneeling on the top step, the rest of the clergy on the other steps their golden cape-like chasubles flowing downward from their shoulders. The golden sunlight of spring noon poured through the pillars of the sanctuary as the Russian priests prayed with their Bishop,

"The all-holy, immaculate, most worshipful and glorious, the Mother of God and ever-virgin Mary—most sinless Mother of our God, honored above the cherubim, infinitely more glorious than the seraphim, who didst bear God the Word without stain. Mother of God, in truth, we magnify."

As I listened to the fervent prayers to the Holy Mother of God, a golden door, a vision, opened in my heart. These prayers to the Blessed Virgin were being said for a thousand and four hundred years by the Russians, living on the other side of the world while my ancestors in Ireland were offering to Mother Mary the same reverence and love through the ages!

As the Holy Sacrifice according to the Byzantium Slavonic Rite—I learned that, too; the exact name—drew to a close, the Russian bishop, priests, choir and congregation were pouring out their hearts:

"Glory to Thee, oh Christ-God, the Apostle's boast, the martyr's joy, whose preaching was the consubstantial Trinity—"

The Terrible Teens

Marie B. Ryan

WHILE there are more than 500 non-governmental organizations in the United States which serve youth, and while there are subsidiary and auxiliary organizations serving youth under the direction of adult members of service clubs, we still find certain age groups not adequately cared for. We find furthermore that the service is not universal.

The particular age group most neglected is that of the teens, early adolescents. Every one is thinking in terms of defense, of our particular form of government, and of what effect the Conscription Bill will have upon our way of life. All three of these concern the later teens and the early twenties. We still have the boys and girls in that stage of life where they are the most restless, least sympathized with, and, least understood. Adults forget those embarrassing years when their feet smelled, their voice changed, and when they used their first razor.

Then, too, when many of us were in our teens there were chores to do about the house, land to till, stock to look after. We were kept busy, but modern life is not always such that there is work for the growing boys and girls. Adolescents are naturally restless, because they are growing and changing. Their muscles and their bones are not growing at the same rate; hence they are clumsy and lack poise. They are experiencing internal nervous and glandular changes, which they do not understand and may not be aware of. They are just miserable. They nag. They argue. They are always being misunderstood, according to their version. Well, they break over the traces and get into trouble. They want to show their independence. They want to be independent, and yet they wouldn't know what to do with themselves if they were.

In communities where this age has been thought of, we find the right kind of protection. Adolescents enjoy tennis; therefore we find enough courts to accommodate them. They like to swim; therefore we have a swimming pool, chemically clean and adequately patrolled for safety. They like to dance; therefore we provide a place for them, and do not leave the interest to be taken care of by unsupervised commercial interests. They like drama and pageantry; therefore the community makes those possible. Cities have long since found that a playground will close a juvenile court. Well, the play-

ground alone does not provide for the teens. There must be other park provisions.

The teens are terrible only when they are not given a chance to be otherwise. The general indifference of adults toward the physical and moral safety of the teens is often little short of criminal. Take our laws permitting children of sixteen to drive a car. The intentions are no doubt well-founded. It takes care of the farm boy and girl. It enables the children to drive back and forth to school. On the other hand, it enables a sixteen-year-old to drive a long distance from home and into a community where he is not known, and where only the law is interested in him.

Places of amusement designed only for profit to some individual or individuals are not always the right places or the best places for growing boys and girls. It is unfortunate that the laws governing the sale of cigarettes, liquor and dope to minors are not always obeyed. Newspaper accounts of boy and girl debauches are too frequent.

Are these conditions quite fair to our youth? Is it commendable of a community to capitalize the weakness and inexperience of its youth, and then punish them for their misdemeanors? Isn't it more praiseworthy to build the community in keeping with our knowledge of the wholesome needs of the adolescents, and then be proud of the kind of young men and women we produce? Is it not more democratic, is it not more patriotic to build young manhood and young womanhood so that it will be ready properly to serve our country? The teens today are tomorrow's first line of defense. And how strong it will be will depend very largely upon the community in which the teens grow up.

Service clubs, such as Rotary International, Civitan International, Exchange, Kiwanis, Lions, Optimist, Gyro International, Cosmopolitan, have extended their services to include work among boys and girls. The slogan of Optimist International is "Friend of the Boy." The Kiwanians look after the underprivileged child as part of their service. Rotary International assists crippled children. The Kearney, Nebraska, Club, working with the Cosmopolitan and Kiwanis clubs of the same city, was instrumental in saving a girl who had been so marred by a bad burn that she would have been educationally and vocationally handicapped. By hospitalization and facial surgery the girl was en-

abled to go on with her education and vocational work.

Each of the other service clubs is doing worthy work among children wherever they have clubs. Without in any way minimizing this splendid service, shall we not have to admit it falls short of complete service unless it provides wholesome community life for the normal boys and girls? And again many of these clubs are doing that very thing. What is more, we often neglect to give them credit for the unwholesome things they prevent from developing within their communities.

Obviously, also, these clubs are not in every community. They do not extend into rural areas, or into the smaller villages. According to a study made by the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station of the rural youth of New York state between the ages of 15 and 29, we find the young men belonging to fewer than one organization on an average, and the young women to slightly more than one. "Rural youth are not over-organized and those out of school definitely need more organizational relationships." The same study shows that these young people would like more recreational advantages. They want more chances to take part in drama. They want more chances to play athletic games. They know they are missing what was once taken care of by families as recreational groups, and by church and school centers.

We read from one source interested in adolescents and their part in community life, "From present indications it seems as if the power of society to control the environment of its own adolescents was almost unlimited. Conversely, in a community where adolescents usually encounter many difficulties in growing up, the blame is to be laid primarily upon the community. The average community could undoubtedly do much to avoid adolescent problems if it really wished to do so."

It is in this avoidance that we should all be interested. Give a dog a bad name, we are told, and you might as well kill him. The town's bad boy lives up to his reputation. Investigation of the trouble encountered before the boys were sent to the State Industrial School For Boys, here at Kearney, reveals first of all broken or unhappy homes. That is, the boys really did not have a chance. We no longer put much faith in the "criminal type." That is, once we believed that some children were born to be criminals, and some even went so far as to depict their physical features and types. Now we say there are no bad boys. They are just boys who have not had a chance to go straight.

When we realize that one-third of our population

are under seventeen years of age, and that there are 36 million children under sixteen years of age, we have a large number of what the White House Conference aptly called—voteless citizens. It is no sentimental, 100% patriotism to make a plea for their rights. Their bodies and minds will determine what the United States will be tomorrow. And their bodies and minds are very much in the hands of the communities where they happen to be born and pass their teen years. President Roosevelt, in speaking before the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy, April 26, 1939, said:

"Democracy must inculcate in its children capacities for living and assure opportunities for the fulfillment of those capacities. The success of democratic institutions is measured, not by extent of territory, financial power, machines, or armaments, but by the desires, the hopes, and the deep-lying satisfactions of the individual men, women and children who make up its citizenship."

Our democracy does not make the same conscious effort to enlist and absorb its adolescents as do the totalitarian governments. But we may learn from their psychology. The laws of psychology are neutral. They can be used for good or bad. The adolescent tries to find fellowship in society, and when he does he finds it confused, even hostile. Adolescents need to be directed into channels of social usefulness. Their restlessness, in part at least, makes them identify themselves with anti-democratic movements. The very resiliency of youth is a hope for democracy, but it must be understood and rightly channeled.

It is to our recreational facilities that we must constantly return. Schools are doing very commendable work in caring for the junior high boys and girls, but schools cannot do it all. There is too much time when pupils are not under school supervision, for the good work of the school to be counted perfect and complete.

Both the church and the school, need to be supplemented by direct community planning of activities which will take care of the early and middle teens. They need to be taken care of for their own sakes, of course; but we need to remember also that they are tomorrow's citizens. Any discussion of making our country prepared to take care of itself which omits the junior high school boys and girls is of necessity inadequate. These youth will seek amusement, good or bad. They will "gang up," legitimately and profitably, or questionably and unprofitably. The teens can be terrible, but whenever they are, we may be assured "the blame is to be laid primarily upon the community."



Aimée Torriani

The Jester's Prayer

It was in late November, 1226, that the Court Jester of Anresson announced to his lord that the ambitious and much feared Hugh of Valmondroids was at the castle gates, ready to appropriate the castle, to put to death the Lord Jean, and to banish his daughter and sole heir, Raimonde. The faithful Jester, who had prayed that Raimonde's would be an unusual life—one in which she would bring peace and beauty into the lives of others—smuggled the child out of the castle and took her to a convent of nuns at Des Fleurs. A mishap in their flight resulted in a lapse of memory for Raimonde, and try as she would, she could not recall any of the circumstances of her early life. When a band of traveling troubadours stopped to beg bread at the convent gate, Raimonde, disguised as a baker's boy, joined them. She failed to recognize Favaric, her father's jester, in the group. Unknown to Raimonde the troubadours were on the way to her father's castle of Valmondroids for the wedding of Hugh's twin sister Yvonne. After the wedding Raimonde at Hugh's request remained behind while the other troubadours journeyed on to Brittany with Robert de Verlay.

CHAPTER VII

ARLETTE

(Continued)

A PAGE BOY knocked at her door, bringing word that the Lady Arlette desired Raimonde's presence, that the long hours might be brightened by a troubadour's songs and stories.

The weaving room was flooded with sunlight and the laughter of the damoiselles rang through the hall as they worked at their looms.

When Raimonde arrived with her lute, they were delighted at the thought of this handsome boy among so many maidens, and they listened to her singing attentively.

Through the hours Raimonde sang songs of the old world that found favor with the damoiselles and also with the older women of the castle.

During an interval between songs, Franchesia, a dark eyed maiden, asked timidly for a song famous among the Italian troubadours. Arlette joined in the request: "Do give us such a song. Franchesia is a child of Italy and hears but little of her native land."

Raimonde did not know the song spoken of but remembered another short ballad which Favaric had told her the Italian troubadours loved. She touched the strings of her lute and sang softly the opening passage:

*Needs must I resemble thee
To the flowers, whose fate thou sharest.*

*They when sweetest are and fairest
Sooner fade and cease to be.*

Swiftly Arlette laid a hand over Raimonde's lute strings and with dismay and terror in her eyes she said gently, "I beg thee Raimonde, not that song; it is forbidden. Should Hugh enter now and hear it, there would be no bounds to his wrath. Thy voice is sweet and once we all loved that song, but now it brings back to us memories of grim tragedy in its wake. Let us move to my loom and I will tell thee gently of the matter."

In the great room, there was silence! All were aware that a note of sadness had been struck.

As Arlette worked, she spoke in a low tone to Raimonde, pausing now and then to sigh deeply.

"Philippe of Ramay was Hugh's greatest friend in the world, far closer to him than any blood relation, except Yvonne, his twin. Philippe brought his young bride at the request of Hugh to visit at Valmondroids, while his castles and lands were being made in readiness for the lovely Deraine, his bride. She was the youngest daughter of Marie de Varaci; being from the south, she had olive skin and hair darker than night; so short was she that she hardly reached my shoulder, a child-like creature, fearful of her new surroundings. For all the love she

bore Philippe and the respect and devotion she had for Hugh, yet was there always a look of great fear in her eyes when they talked of warfare and conquests."

Arlette paused for breath; she had found in Raimonde a willing listener, and she was wont to make the most of it. She continued: "The stiff ceremony of life in our halls made her homesick, after a childhood spent with the pleasure loving people of Italy. We were not as kind to her as we might have been, for in all of us was a jealousy of her great beauty and power over Hugh, because of Philippe's friendship. Scarce had she been within these walls a month when Hugh persuaded Philippe to go to the Crusades with him. The young men from all over the land flocked to his banner. With one of the largest armies ever to set forth, they left, at the end of the summer to join the Crusades in Jerusalem. The night before they left Deraine sang that song to Philippe and Hugh, the song that you just sang, and strangely enough, Raimonde, though of course, yours is a boyish, manly voice, there is a quality in it, not unlike hers."

Raimonde made no comment at this remark, so Arlette said thoughtfully, "Perhaps this story of a woman's love will not interest you, Raimonde. You are yet too young to be so all engrossed in love, and the sadder things that come with it; I shall say no more."

But Raimonde knew that Arlette would say more, and she too, wanted to hear more of Deraine, for the memory of Philippe and Sister Angele had haunted her but a few hours ago.

"Continue, Lady Arlette; anything that thou might wish to tell me is of great interest to me." The troubadour answered with genuine sincerity.

"During the months that our men were away, Deraine would often come to my room to sleep, frightened by the winds and thunder of the waves on the rocks below her window. On such a night, there was a knocking at the gate and a messenger brought news that both Philippe and Hugh had been killed. As creatures in a fearful dream, we lived the passing days. Deraine was ill for months; she seemed like a ghost, it was more of spirit than of body. The first day that she was up and about, she asked that she might be left alone, as we thought to rest and re-read some letters which Philippe had written her in the past. It was a day full of fog, making all the world look weird and melancholy. That night we found Deraine's apartment empty. After hours of frantic search, Henri found her body on the rocks. We never knew whether..."

"She wanted to die," Raimonde added for her.

"You have not heard all," Arlette continued, "Robert de Verlay, thinking Philippe dead, gathered his army together to retain that Kingdom for Valmondois."

Raimonde wanted to say "but Philippe is not dead," but Arlette gave her no chance; she was again deep into her tale of tragedy.

"You see, my lad, these warriors want nothing but possessions and lands, even such fine men as are both Hugh and Robert. Their one predominating idea in life is conquest, and the control of more castles and greater lands. Strangely enough, they always find plenty of young men to fight their battles for them, although most of these youths gain nothing from them. Thou wilt be just the same, Raimonde. In a few short years, thou shalt be out fighting for any cause; men are like that. There is little else for them to do, the peasants do most of the real toiling."

"Troubadours are not like that. We have a higher mission in life than fighting." Raimonde had to interrupt to say this, but she was determined to express her views on that subject.

Arlette laughed for a second, then became grave and said, "Philippe did not die, but is even now preparing to avenge Robert. These men are friends one day, and enemies the next. Hugh, thank God, because of the skill of Sir Martin Dieudonne, the Knight I love, was saved, after the messenger had already been dispatched with news of his death, so sure they were, that Hugh was dead."

"This Dieudonne, I should like to know him; I am interested in those who take an interest in keeping human beings alive, instead of killing them." Raimonde spoke with intense earnestness, but Arlette was too overcome by her own telling of the tragic story, and now she rested her head on her loom and wept aloud, almost unconscious of the troubadour's presence.

"Had I known how badly this would have made thee feel, dear Lady Arlette, I should have begged thee to refrain from the telling of it. For it hath recalled old pain that time was trying hard to heal. I will go now; it is no time for song."

Arlette clung to Raimonde's hand, trying hard to awaken the troubadour's sympathy.

"Thou art a strange lad, Raimonde; I feel so close to thee. Somehow I wish thou wert older."

Raimonde blushed and could not answer.

The strange scene was interrupted by one of Hugh's page boys.

"May it please thee, Mademoiselle Arlette, the Lord Hugh desires thy presence at the evening meal, at once. He seems disturbed at thine absence."

The page boy bowed low, looked at Raimonde, then withdrew.

Arlette, rubbed her cheeks vigorously to bring back their color. She brushed away the tears from her eyes and asked Raimonde to follow her in a short time. She was in no mood to have Hugh chide her about Raimonde. For although she considered the troubadour a lad unversed in affairs of the heart, experience had taught Arlette that Hugh would be scurrilous even in his banter when she displeased him. When the discussion about Raimonde's leaving with Yvonne had been in session,

Hugh had openly accused Arlette of being attracted to the young troubadour.

Raimonde evaded the hall and journeyed a round-about way to the kitchens. She was not hungry, so she asked the cook boy to give her a bowl of curds and cheese which she ate on a high stool, near the outer door.

She now saw how Hugh ruled this castle, and its people with an iron hand. He had but to speak, commanding people to come, to go, to eat, to fight, and they obeyed.

CHAPTER VIII

WAR



IDSUMMER brought sunlit days and an azure sky. The gardens at Valmondroids were carpeted with such an abundance of flowers, that at a distance one could see only long stretches of solid color, red, orange, pink, blue, white, and purple. The air was heavy with the fragrance of their blended perfume.

A warrior messenger, from the De Verlay castle brought word that the bride, Yvonne, was well content in her new seaside fortress, but that she greatly desired that Arlette and Raimonde would pay her a visit ere long.

A message to Raimonde stated that Favaric had left the troubadours. Alexandrois had asked him to stop before returning to Valmondroids at Virray de Rions for the feasting and tournaments which were to be held in honor of the King. This Favaric could not well refuse to do.

A month earlier this delay of Favaric's returning would have disturbed Raimonde, but for the past weeks she had been aware of a new happiness and usefulness at Valmondroids. She had won the hearts of every member of the great household; even Hugh found real pleasure in her boyish personality, and her skill in the art of singing. He would often send for her late at night, when sleep was impossible, his companions dull, or the castle unbearable in its solitude. At such times Raimonde would sit on a low bench in his apartment and sing to him, or they would walk together on the rocks, watching the moonlight on the sea, counting the stars in the black heavens, later finding a resting place where for hours, with the waves lapping about the rocks, Raimonde would sing to him the lighter troubadour airs,

*Such delight has come to me,
Reason it has overpowered;
Frost and snowflakes seem to be
Red and yellow flowers.*

Another little ditty that pleased Hugh's fancy was this:

*"Why flies the star-lit night so soon?
Why ends the nightingale her lay?
Why sinks the pale and waning moon?
Alas, alas, how soon 'tis day!"*

Arlette companioned them frequently, but of late she was distant in her manner and would slip away in the early evening to join Sir Martin Dieudonne.

This had worried Hugh to the point that he had given his encouragement and consent that Arlette should journey to visit Yvonne for a few months. Arlette was in a flutter of excitement at the thought of the coming journey; Madame d'Yiffe, her one time governess, was to accompany her. She was a woman past maturity, buxom of figure, with bright sparkling eyes. She had known Arlette for many years and like many others, was her devoted slave. Arlette had asked that Raimonde be allowed to accompany her, saying that Yvonne was expecting her, but Hugh refused, his argument being that there was no other troubadour at Valmondroids at the time to sing for the many members of the household, who greatly needed and loved Raimonde's entertainment. "He must remain, until such time as other troubadours arrive." Hugh said this with finality.

On the day these plans were reached Arlette wished to talk things over with Hugh at the noon-day meal, but found instead that she must listen to much talk of the coming attack which Hugh was planning to make on a kingdom in the south, one which he had long desired for a winter retreat, when he grew older.

Dieudonne had fought with Hugh's regiment often and he was eager to join him in this coming aggression, leaving in September. They launched into a discussion of arms and clothing suitable for the warmer climate.

"'Tis no season or country," said Dieudonne, "for solid armor and headpieces; the heat is too great, thereby making men sluggish. Think thee not so, Sire?"

Hugh nodded, and began a long description of the flexible coats of mail, which the armories were fashioning that would serve as protection against sword thrusts, and yet be cool and light to wear.

Raimonde tried to avoid Hugh's glances during this discussion; she felt his eyes upon her. He talked brilliantly of the Saracens, of battle and the great calling of the Crusades as a good place for men to learn the art of warfare, that they might later conquer any lands and possessions they felt they needed or desired.

Raimonde was chilled by the spell that speaking of war cast about him, yet she was fascinated by his speech.

"Now," he said, "that Yvonne hath wed and is protected, I shall prepare for greater conquests. I am weary of this idle woman's life. The very walls of the castle cry out that I should go. If the rains come this summer, and keep the lands from plague and famine, there will be nothing to keep me here. There is talk in the fields of a drought, but always the peasants hold that fear. I am sickened at their senseless chatter."

As Hugh finished speaking, his eyes rested on Raimonde. Their eyes met. In hers Hugh saw a flash of anger. He laughed softly, hardly believing the displeasure his words had caused.

"What disturbeth thee, Raimonde? Thine eyes are like blazing coals, lad. Can it be that war is so detestable to thy delicate spirit? I have plans to make of thee a warrior bold." The last was said in mocking raillery.

Raimonde replied swiftly, her voice well under control. "Thy words are not for my poor ears. They only recall a memory best forgotten, of seeing death stalk through plague-ridden villages. When one doth meet death face to face, it doth seem impossible that anyone can so glory in warfare. How much wiser are the poor peasants to plant and build, holding together the necessities of life. There are such great possibilities in France, such beauty, and a people who know how to enjoy God's gift of life. Why bring destruction of our own making?"

By this time the hall was painfully silent, all eyes fastened on Raimonde. Something in her quiet words roused sudden ire in Hugh and he leaned back in his chair, sullen and resentful.

"Thy training as a troubadour hath made thee speak all too glibly, hiding the kernel of thy real thoughts. As for thy opinion on serious matters, it is laughable and full of presumption. I had looked upon thee with great favor and as I said

before, had hoped to see thee give up this life with wandering troubadours and become a Knight of Honor, accompanying me to great battles of conquest. But I see, lad, thy place is in the apartments of the women, who love flattery and silken words. Were not thy singing so full of vigor, I should send thee on thy way. Keep thy place hereafter and pay no heed to talk that concerns thee not."

These were bitter words to heap on defenseless shoulders, but Raimonde, in her place at the lower end of the hall, did not flinch. Her eyes burned the brighter making her face seem ghostly white.

"With thy permission, Sire, I will retire. On the return of Favarc, the troubadour, I shall leave Valmondreis; until then, I am forced to remain, an unwilling guest."

She rose from her place at table, and stood waiting dismissal, fearlessly meeting Hugh's eyes.

In the tense silence that followed, she was conscious of many curious faces turned in her direction, but unaware of the wave of sympathy that had filled the hall with admiration for her courage in the face of the Duke's anger.

"Come here to me, lad."

When Hugh spoke these words, there was no malice in his voice; the angry mood had passed on, and in its place was one of amused tolerance.

As Raimonde passed to his great chair at the head of the table, she seemed such a young, childish creature. Her eyes always large and almost violet in color, now looked black. When these eyes met Hugh's, her brooding stare held its spell.

Contest goaded Hugh. Action was his meat and dominion his breath. By her imprisoned wrists, which he had taken hold of when she reached him, he now drew her to him and when she was so close that her head was almost on his breast, he breathed over her, as one pronouncing a final verdict:

"I demand, Troubadour Raimonde, that thou shalt accompany me to battle in September. For I see by thine actions, thou art a fighter at heart, as all real men should be. A mighty troubadour have I greatly wronged."

Hugh looked smilingly down; a sudden wave of pity for one so helpless swam over him.

"The meal is ended, lad, and thou canst go. I swear thou hast the look of a mere child, for all thy stout words. I cannot hold displeasure long, caused by one so young. 'Tis well that Alexandreis companions thee on thy journeys, for thy hot temper would call forth many a perilous fray."

He turned to Dieudonne and continued the conversation that had caused such an uproar.

(To be continued)

The Perfect Moon

Shirley Warner

STARTING when she was 16 years old, Sister Juliana had been tormented frequently by a strange vision. Not alone in the hours of sleep, but often through the day, it appeared to her: a beautiful round golden moon—but marred by a streak of black across its face. At first she had thought the vision a device of the devil, sent to distract her from her prayers. But as she grew more understanding, she realized that the imperfect moon had a deep religious significance.

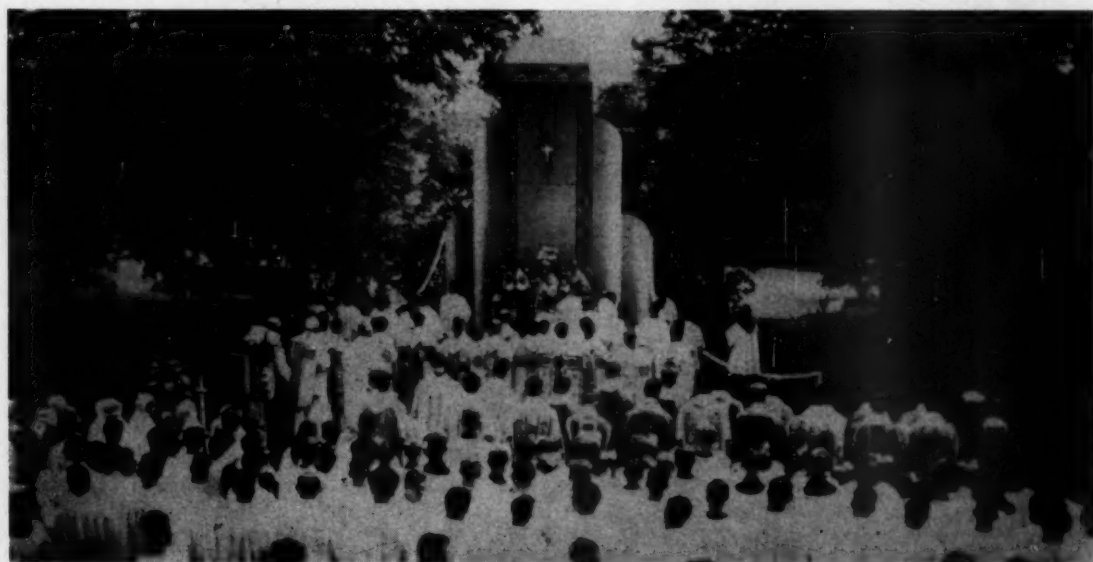
Then one night Our Divine Lord blessed Juliana by appearing to her and explaining that the moon denoted the Church Calendar, with its round of festivals, and that the blight on it meant the absence of a special feast in honor of the Holy Eucharist. Sister Juliana had always adored the Blessed Sacrament, and from that time on, she devoted herself to the establishment of a festival in its honor.

Juliana was born in 1193 at Réthinnes near Liège. When she was six years old, her wealthy parents died and left her in the care of the monastery of Mont Cornillon. Because this house, for both men and women religious, was also a hospital for the care of lepers, the child was reared at a branch establishment, a sort of dairy farm near Amescœur. Always deeply religious, though, she early

joined the sisterhood, and in 1225 was elected prioress.

Then she felt free to forward her burning desire to add to the Calendar a festival extolling the love of Our Savior as expressed in the Holy Eucharist. Her first confidants were the pious recluse Eve, who dwelt in a cell near St. Martin's, and Isabella of Huy, a saintly woman she had received into the community. With the earnest support of these two, she expressed her hopes to Robert de Thoreté, then Bishop of Liège, and to Jacques Panaléon, at that time Archdeacon. These churchmen, pondering such a feast, came to the conclusion that it would be just and proper, inasmuch as the true anniversary of the institution of the Sacrament fell on Maundy Thursday, within Holy Week, and was therefore an occasion of sadness. Observance of the transubstantiation of Our Lord's Body, with the atonement and consequent rejoicing it should bring, they agreed, deserved a special day of its own.

But evil times came to Mother Juliana, for God moves in a mysterious way. The monastery of Mont Cornillon was operated in a peculiar manner. The direction of the brethren and sisters was in the hands of the prior; but the burgomaster and citizens of Liège had a voice in the management



of the hospital, even though its revenues were administered by the prioress! So when a jealous prior named Roger came into office, he accused Juliana of falsifying the hospital accounts and of misappropriating funds to promote a new feast that—he said—nobody wanted. These accusations infuriated the townsfolk, who finally burst into the convent and compelled Juliana to leave. She fled to the cell of her old friend Eve, where she awaited Bishop Robert's action to reinstate her. At length the prior was transferred to the Hospital of Huy, and Juliana recalled.

At that time a bishop had the right of ordering feasts for his own diocese; so in the year 1246, Bishop Robert appointed a synod and ordered a day to be observed in honor of the Holy Eucharist the following year. He commissioned a monk who survives in the glorious anonymity of the name "John" to write the office for the first Corpus Christi Day. Before the day arrived, Bishop Robert died; but the feast was celebrated by the canons of St. Martin at Liège nonetheless.

After the death of the Bishop, the persecutions against Juliana were renewed, until she was driven from Cornillon altogether. Then started a series of misfortunes, all of which Juliana foretold, ending with her death in sickness and poverty on April 5, 1258.

But the good recluse Eve carried on her work. Through God's Providence, the sympathetic Jacques Panaléon became Pope Urban IV on August 29, 1261. To him, at Eve's urging, went Henry of Guelders, new Bishop of Liège, to request the extension of the Corpus Christi celebration to the entire world. Because of the scholastic battle still raging over the doctrine of transubstantiation, Urban hesitated about issuing a Church-wide edict; but a miracle at which he was present quickly precipitated his assent.

The story of the miracle comes down in various forms. This much is known: it occurred in Bal-sena in 1264 to a priest of little faith who was celebrating Mass. According to one story, after the Consecration, Our Divine Lord appeared to the priest on the Corporal in the form of a beautiful infant. Another legend has it that the priest by accident upset part of the Precious Blood on the Corporal, and at once an image of a Host appeared wherever it fell. Still another account states that

a drop of blood appeared on the Host before the doubting priest.

Whatever the actual form of the miracle, it convinced Pope Urban of the need for a special day in honor of the Sacrament. Therefore, on September 8, 1264, he issued the Bull "Transiturus," establishing an annual celebration throughout the Church on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. The Bull specified that the feast was in honor of the Real Presence, and it granted indulgences to the Faithful for attendance at the Mass and at the Office.

In order to invest the glorious feast with as much solemnity and grandeur as possible, Pope Urban caused a Mass and Office to be specially composed for it, which he entrusted to two of the most illustrious scholars of the day, St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas Aquinas. Both set to work with ardent zeal; but when the great Franciscan went to compare his work with what the "Angelic Doctor" had done, he was so dissatisfied with his own efforts that he threw his manuscript into the fire and abandoned the task. Consequently St. Thomas alone wrote out

and arranged the Office as it stands today, one of the most beautiful services in the Breviary. Parts of the primitive office composed by the ecclesiastic John were incorporated by St. Thomas, although the original form could not be used in the Roman liturgy, having been framed according to the Gallic Rite.

Again the death of one of the Lord's instruments, Pope Urban, impeded for a while the spread of the festival. But in 1311 Pope Clement V ordered the adoption of the feast at the General Council of Vienne, and John XXII, his successor, urged its observance. It was accepted in 1306 at Cologne, in 1315 at Worms, and in 1316 at Strasbourg. Between 1320 and 1325 it came to England from Belgium, and for two centuries remained one of the most popular days of gladness and rejoicing in the round of Catholic holy days.

In addition to the divine service, Corpus Christi Day soon took over a popular processional form, modelled after the Procession of the Ark, which had been instituted by King Louis VIII in 1226 on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, September 14. In the midst of the Albigensian wars, Louis had invaded Avignon, where his soldiers had committed



St. Thomas of Aquin

considerable desecration to the churches. In atonement, Louis ordered a special procession of the Corpus Domini, wherein the Bishop of Avignon bore down the Sacrament from the Church of the Doms, and the king himself, clad in sackcloth, girded with a rope, his head bare, and a torch in his hand, marched behind it. The holy band traversed the city with torches and incense, to the small Church of the Holy Cross, where the Bishop placed the Host in a stone niche at the side of the altar and left it to be venerated by the repentant townfolk.

From his custom, already widespread in popularity, the atonement theme and the custom of carrying the Sacrament through the streets and exposing it for public veneration was adopted for Corpus Christi Day, and was endowed with indulgences by Popes Martin V and Eugene IV.

The festival soon caught the fancy of the populace. Throughout Christendom, Corpus Christi Day became an occasion for wonderful spectacles, growing ever more elaborate. A typical Corpus Christi procession, in its heyday, might have looked like this. First came an ecclesiastic made up as John the Baptist, appropriately the immediate forerunner of Our Savior. Heading the procession, he pointed backward to another religious who carried a silver pyx-bearer containing the consecrated species. The arms of the pyx-bearer were held up by two of the wealthiest citizens, and four other worthies carried a silken canopy over the Blessed Sacrament. Two angels walked beside the canopy and cast flowers upon the pyx. All the townfolk stood along the way, decked with wreaths and flowers, and threw themselves prostrate as the Host passed by.

Following the pyx came sundry figures representing favorite saints, all attired in character and performing typical acts; as for instance, St. Ursula with her many maidens, St. George killing the dragon, St. Christopher carrying the infant Jesus on his shoulder, St. Sebastian stuck full of arrows, St. Catherine with her wheel, and St. Barbara with her "singing cake." Often there was a float representing hell with "a wondrous sort of damned sprites with foule and fearful looke" cavorting upon it. Then came other dumbshows and tableaux, all portraying the theme of atonement and all adoring the Host. Priests streamed past, each with a piece of the sacred plate of the church: crosses, candlesticks, relics, images, and other vessels. The townfolk joined in the procession as it passed, carrying banners and boughs, whilst armed men stood constantly by to protect the sacred plate.

After the procession had traversed the main thoroughfare, St. John might, with the Host in a burse fastened about his neck, go from field to

field reciting prayers and gospel texts to bless the crops. Then the Blessed Sacrament would be exposed in the church for eight days. At the festival's height, these were civic holidays as well.

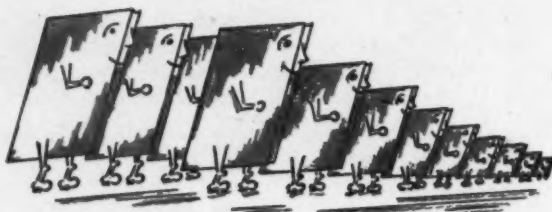
As times went on, numerous Biblical characters joined the procession of mummers, and at length Corpus Christi Day was brought to a glorious close with scriptural plays performed before the church by the characters from the pageant. As the craft guilds developed in England, theirs became the responsibility for the splendor of the procession. Each trade was expected to furnish a float to follow the Host, and there were indulgences from the Pope for those who contributed to the relief of the local fraternity. It is not to be believed that the procession had become secularized under this arrangement, for the mediaeval guilds were fundamentally religious. Each, in addition to the craft it represented, was also dedicated to a saint or a Mystery of the Faith.

Presently the dumbshows developed into elaborate dramas known as Mystery Plays, performed on wagons that rolled by in the procession itself. Each guild cast and staged a drama based on a story from the Bible. At every corner, or before every house able to pay the toll, the wagons stopped in sequence and performed their plays. The first truly integrated dramas to emerge from the "Dark Ages," these were universally known as Corpus Christi Plays.

The Reformation attempted to put a stop to the public honoring of the Host and to the plays, but both survived for many years in some parts of England, the Protestant clergy failing utterly to extinguish what was artistic entertainment as well as religion. In Catholic countries, the processions continued in their glorious splendor until quite recently, although in later times the mummers were missing, and the ecclesiastic who carried the pyx was followed only by citizens with candles.

Corpus Christi was always a feast of flowers. In fairly modern Italy, elaborate designs of flowers were laid in the streets to form a lovely fragrant carpet for the retinue of the Body of Our Lord.

Gone, in these days of strife, are the theophoric processions through the streets, the dumbshows, the showers of petals, the mystery plays, and the carpets of flowers; but within our American religious houses are treasured the traditional sacred symbols, and there, on the first Thursday (or Sunday, in some places), after Trinity Sunday, the Blessed Sacrament is adored with St. Thomas's incomparable service and sometimes with solemn Novena,—and St. Juliana's moon is still round and perfect.



Books and Booklets in Review

LITURGICAL WORSHIP

By Joseph A. Jungmann, S.J.

THE JACKET gives us the object of this book, which is twofold: "to discover the fundamental principles according to which early liturgical prayers and services were formed; and to show that these same principles must guide those laboring to bring the Liturgy closer to the faithful."

This more or less short work will give joy to those in sympathy with the ideals of the liturgy. When one finds something so very good, the reaction is to look for the weak points. Saying so many good things in so short a space it would be wrong to expect a thorough treatment of every principle brought up. Those sympathetic with the ideals of the Liturgy will have little difficulty in accepting what the book sets forth.

The definition of liturgy is given somewhat cautiously and will prove inadequate for those who are not acquainted with the "Mysterium" but perhaps sufficient for those who are. The chapter "In Whom the Liturgy Is Reposed" following the definition, is the best.

In order to foster the growth of Liturgy every statement should be weighed sufficiently so that those less sympathetic find no reason for their stand. One statement that could bear rewording occurs in the last sentence of Chapter VI. The translation is well done. Frederick Pustet and Co., 14 Barclay Street, N.Y.C., Price \$1.25.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT HUNGER

By Rev. Richard Graef, C.S.Sp.

"THE ONLY chance for greatness open to little souls is the way of mercy." In this sentence the author states the keynote to the doctrine of his book. This doctrine

is very elevating and consoling, and would lead the soul to God by the way of mercy rather than by that of justice. By "the way of mercy" the author understands appealing to God's mercy and goodness through humility and prayer, rather than depending on one's works to obtain grace from the God of justice. This doctrine begets humility, always the safest way in the spiritual life. It is, moreover, the spirit of the Little Flower, so popular today.

Much of the book is devoted to faith as the headings to the three parts indicate: I. Faith; II. Faith leads to mastery of life; III. Only faith can teach us to understand and conquer the world. Copious quotations from Holy Scripture enhance the value of the work.

The book offers excellent matter for spiritual reading and should be welcomed by convents and monasteries as well as by spiritual persons living in the world. Those who have read its forerunner, *Yes, Father*, will be eager to get this volume. The attractive and modern format adds to the general excellent qualities of the book. Frederick Pustet Co., New York, \$2.00.

"I PRAY THE MASS"

By Father Hoever

THIS IS a Sunday Missal in usual prayer-book size. Though it contains 448 pages, it is the handiest, most practical, most up-to-date Sunday Missal that we have ever handled. The reasons for our preference are that the type is really legible; that the Revised English Edition of the New Testament has been used throughout; also that the book, prepared by a professor of Notre Dame University, has the approbation of Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne, who is our foremost expert in religious literature. Other advantages and improvements are these: the Hoever Missal contains

fourteen Prefaces, much different from any other missal; each Mass begins with a "Thought for Today" taken from the Mass, which may help the people to a good Sunday meditation; the "Treasury of Prayers" contains religious instructions on devotions dear to all Catholics, and the devotions themselves. There is also a liturgical calendar for the next ten years.

Various bindings are available from black leatherette with red edges at 35¢ to genuine Morocco leather, gold edges, at \$3.50. The Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

By Marie J. F. Marmontel

THE fascinating and inspiring story of St. Vincent de Paul from shepherd boy to religious founder and saint is told in these ninety brief pages. It is a story of selfless charity, of generous sacrifice for the poor that should be the clarion call today and tomorrow in reviving the hope of an impoverished people. St. Vincent de Paul is an example for all times, but for none more than our own. Catechetical Guild, 128 Tenth Street, St. Paul, Minn., 50¢.

THE REVOLT OF THE VEGETABLES

By Aimée Torriani and Ed Roberts

"COMMENTATOR CARROT," speaking over the "Potato Network," makes a brilliant appeal to the children of the land to stem the revolt of the vegetables and their threat to return to the sea and to the jungle. A picture of Popeye the Sailor on the inside bottom of a bowl has inveigled many a child into eating its spinach, just to see the picture. The simple little pamphlet, if read by or to children, will have a similar effect. "Children, think with

what deference and love you treat the inhabitants of the animal kingdom, alive or stuffed. Why you fondle, scamper after, and play with any sort of dog, cat, rabbit, elephant, or mouse.... You admire, collect, polish, or paint stones, shells, rocks, and bits of ore. But at vegetables you only make faces."

Every child will enter into the spirit of this simple appeal and will gladly help in the war work of digging new gardens. The booklet will make its contribution to the health of the land. Read it. Weaver Publishing Co., Santa Monica, Calif. 10¢.

MORE FRIENDS OF HAPPINESS

By Albert H. Dolan, O. Carm.

THIS IS Number 3 of the Digest of the "Surama" of St. Thomas, treating of Fortitude and Justice. Carmelite Press, 6413 Dante Ave., Chicago, Ill., 10¢.

RECIPE TO MAKE A WORLD

By Rev. John Considine, M.M.

THE THEME of this pamphlet: The Church is a *Marching* Church; the central aim of our lives

should be to march with the Church into the bosom of every people over the earth—America, China, Japan, India. Paulist Press, 401 W. 59th St., N.Y.C., 5¢.

WHITHER, ETHICS IN MEDICINE

John F. Quinlan, M.D.

A doctor's view of the declining birth-rate and vanishing morality. Paulist Press, 401 W. 59th St., N.Y.C., 5¢.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CATHOLICS

A concise statement of Catholic doctrine on most controversial matters of religion. Catholic Literature Society, 2432 S. Longwood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., Price 5¢.

THE DIVINE DRAMA

Rev. John C. McCarthy

A poem commemorating God's infinite love in the Holy Eucharist, published in memory of Father Luke Etlin, founder of "Tabernacle and Purgatory." Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Missouri, 10¢.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA

Rev. Gerald Treacy, S.J.

The life of St. Ignatius and the status of his Society. Paulist Press, 401 W. 59th St., N.Y.C., 5¢.

WHY DRINK?

Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., LL.D.

A cool deliberating study of the evil of drink and its cure. Paulist Press, 401 W. 59th St., N.Y.C., 5¢.

PAUL THE APOSTLE

Rev. Walter Sullivan, C.S.P.

The life and work of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Paulist Press, 5¢.

PRAYERS TO ST. JUDE

Compiled by Rev. Walter E. R. O'Gorman, C.S.P. Paulist Press, 5¢.

ARE WE BEING DEFEATED?


Rev. Daniel Ehman, C.S.S.R.

This describes the crusade against Anti-Life forces and names St. Gerard Majella, a Redemptorist Lay-brother, as patron saint of mothers. Catholic Church Extension Print Co., 67 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada, 5¢.

GOSPEL MOVIES

BY R.K.

TALITHA CUMI



"Thy daughter is dead."
—St. Mark 5:35

WEDDING BELLS and death knells are sounded by the same metal throat and tongue. Husband and wife are made one to cooperate with the Giver of Life in bestowing this great blessing on as many individuals as He wills. When a woman "has brought forth the child, she no longer remembers the anguish for her joy that a man is born into the world" (St. John 16:22). But she also knows that this new life, which can still be measured by hours, will one day, like the old clock on the wall, run down and stop. Every child of Adam must pass through the dark doorway of death that leads to his real and eternal life.

The ruler of the synagogue feared that his twelve-year-old daughter might be standing on this fatal threshold, so he entrusted His hands upon her "that she may be *saved and live*" (St. Mark 5:23). When news was brought that she had died, Jesus said to the ruler: "Do not be afraid, only *have faith*" (5:36). To the dead girl He said: "**TALITHA CUMI**—Girl, I say to thee, *arise*" (5:41). She received a new lease on life and a chance to *die again*. We have no record of when and how she died the second time.

We die but once. To play well this last act on our stage of life requires *daily* practice, not in proper dying, but in correct living. We must choose to be either villain or hero. We are villains when by grievous sin we commit spiritual suicide. We are heroes when we "have faith" and use the two-edged sword of contrition and confession to slay the villain. A man of faith does not fear death or, like the ruler's daughter, he "*arises*" immediately after a fall into sin. His daily contests with sin and temptation help to strengthen his will in good. When death comes to fight the final duel it will find him spiritually "*alive*" and "*saved*."

NAVY AWARDS McCLOY ADVANCE RATING

Lieutenant Commander John McCloy, United States Navy, retired, has just received from Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox a letter notifying him that he has been awarded the advance rating on the Retired List.

Lieutenant Commander McCloy has twice been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for performance of duty in actual combat. For this service to his country he has been awarded the new advancement.

WARS ARE HIS BUSINESS

Bourke Elliott

AS HEROES go John McCloy is a museum piece—one of the three living Americans twice awarded Uncle Sam's highest decoration, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

After his mother's death by drowning the family moved from McCloy's native Brewster, N. Y., to New York City. Before his teens he was slaving in a pencil factory for the pittance of \$2 for a sixty-hour week. Plucking hot rubber erasers from iron moulds brought such torture that he quit on the first Saturday night. Alone he had mastered a skiff the length of the Mississippi River, so it must have been that adventure and the fact that his father had been on a Northern gunboat in the War between the States that led the youngster to ship on a sea-going barge. Delaware Bay knew him next as an oyster fisherman, after which he sailed on vessels whose ports of call extended throughout the world.

At 22 he enlisted in our first line of defense. Two years later, when the Boxers attempted to rid Chinese soil of foreign devils, Coxswain McCloy earned his first Congressional Medal of Honor. His ship, the *Newark*, left Manila to speed to the rescue of the American Legation in Peking. Anchor was dropped at Taku, Tien-tsin's twenty-mile distant seaport. Captain Bowman McCalla, in command of the American land forces, dispatched a tug to the warship for ten thousand rounds of rifle ammunition. As a gale was going the tug could not effect the transfer. McCloy volunteered to transport the supplies in a ship's boat. The acting commander said that he lacked men strong enough to pull the jolly-boat in such a sea. The volunteer explained that he aimed to make delivery under sail. Though skeptical, his superior, after hearing McCloy's



varied navigating experiences, nodded consent. McCloy saw that his crew was provided with oilskins and bailing tins. He placed some to windward on the rail as a breakwater while the light craft fought the sea. The wind was put on the starboard quarter before the 30-foot cutter was lowered. The bailers were kept busy, as water was shipped all the way. But, due to young McCloy's expert seamanship, shore was reached under an hour!

Assigned to the First Company for land duty, that night McCloy was among eight volunteers who pumped a handcar from Lo-Fa to Yangtsun to send dispatches. Half hurried to the telegraph office while the rest guarded the handcar. A Chinese soldier tried to bayonet McCloy, but was halted by a

blow from a Chinese officer. The American thanked the officer for saving his private's life! The reply was that McCloy's life had been saved because it was too soon to kill him! There was awful testimony of a recent clash between the Chinese Imperial Army and the Boxers in the corpse-strewn ground. Some of the Government dead were dismembered, giving the Americans a grim idea of what might happen to them if they fell into rebel hands.

Fighting started in earnest the next morning, when Boxers swarmed the place. The senior officer barked McCloy's outfit from the ranks because they lacked the uniform of the day, having joined the shore forces without the regulation white hats and leggings. Reluctantly they watched the others form skirmish lines to storm an irrigation ditch occupied by the enemy. Reading from McCalla's face that he was disgusted by the cautious advance, McCoy urged his band to teach them how to take a trench. Double-timing around the left flank, the interlopers broke into a run and cheered lustily when the line was reached. This served to spur the entire force to join them, and the objective was soon captured. Nevertheless the senior officer notified McCloy that he faced a court-martial for disobeying orders and disrupting the battle plan. There was a silver lining to the incident, however. As the First Sergeant of the Second Company had been wounded, its commander informed McCloy that, because of his initiative when the going was critical, he had been advanced to the wounded non-com's place. In view of the fact that there were many other brave men engaged in the conflict, McCloy considers this spot promotion tops among his many honors.

The next day McCloy was one of a scouting detail that fared forth as infantrymen and returned as a cavalry unit. The seeming paradox came about through the capture of jackasses abandoned by retreating foemen. They were christened "Clancy's Cavalry," after McCloy's buddy, Chief Boatswain's Mate Joseph Clancy.

The foreign forces got under way before dawn one morning. Within sight of a village set afire by the enemy, outposts blasted away at them. Next artillery shells passed so close over the Americans as to convince the British that they had been wiped out. At a moment when enemy guns were quiet McCloy mounted a levee to gain an idea of their opponent's position. A shell burst nearby, killing a companion and blistering McCloy's legs and left hip. A little later a bullet cut across the top of his head. He took time out only long enough to have cotton plugged into the wound.

By this time they were compelled to eat tough mule meat and mouldy rice, reserving the dwindling supply of canned food for the injured. To make their lot worse, as the enemy was stuffing wells with bodies, water had to be boiled. At times, though, they did not bother to sterilize it, and McCloy often wonders how they escaped an epidemic. On a foray they thought they were to enjoy a change of diet. One of the Americans had captured a duck, and that night they killed and dressed it. Cutting it up, they threw it into a pot along with some vegetables scared up from nearby gardens. When the "Mulligan" was almost ready an enemy shell struck the pot, scattering the aromatic stew to all points of the compass.

Enemy pressure finally became so hot that the foreigners had to hole up in a fortification. As it was a large one, they could man only strategic positions. A dust storm, which fouled the bolts of their small arms and breech plugs of their artillery, halted the far outnumbering foe for a time. So McCloy, at long last, decided to have a surgeon examine his furrowed skull. There being no American medical unit or supplies, he sought out a British physician, only to be advised that there was a shortage of dressings and, as the cotton had dried up, it was probably best to leave the wound undisturbed. Bed, however, was prescribed, but the giant McCloy protested that he merely wished the dressing changed. To prove he had plenty of re-



serve left, taking two men he invaded a village and raided several houses of pans, pots and other necessary sickroom articles, loading the loot on two captive Chinese. Moreover, in the afternoon McCloy was of some volunteers who, against lively opposition, set fire to a village.

The day after found this iron man in charge of a Krupp gun, with orders to fire at five-minute intervals. A battalion of marines finally relieved them. By then nature was catching up with McCloy. All he wanted to do was sleep. Instead he was detailed to ferry troops across the Ho to the tune of constant artillery fire. As if he had not done enough, he next helped a wounded companion along eight miles of hot and choking roads to the American Consul's headquarters, where McCloy fell from exhaustion and was removed to a hospital. Upon return to the Marine Barracks the injured were assigned a room and became forgotten men. Some days elapsed before McCloy asked the detachment commander for a doctor. A French surgeon was sent to treat him. The moment his strength returned, even though the wound was not completely healed, McCloy asked permission to go back to duty. Ordered to return to the *Newark*, he was put in charge of a junk bearing troops from a transport to Tien-tsin.

McCloy remarked that, although the Chinese forces of over 50,000 were equipped with up-to-date arms, their knowledge of military science was pitiful. Otherwise the melting pot of a force of around 2,000 foreign sailors and marines could never have penetrated for many miles through a hostile population of millions, putting the torch to villages and inflicting staggering losses both on the Imperial Army and the Boxers. The spectacle, he continued, of foreign shells and bullets mowing down the massed enemy was cruel and nauseating. The banks and shoals of the Peiho River were piled with dead, and the Tien-tsin bridge attendants had to keep opening the pontoons to let bodies drift by.

It was as a result of McCloy's distinguished conduct in battles on June 13, 20, 21 and 22, 1900 that President McKinley awarded him his first Congressional Medal of Honor and ordered his promotion to any position he was qualified to fill.

The second decoration of the sort was won by heroism in Mexico. In 1913 President Madero was overthrown and slain presumably by his Minister of War, Victoriano Huerta. President Wilson refused to recognize Huerta and proceeded to hamper him by an embargo on shipment of firearms to our southern neighbor. The ban was soon lifted to allow Villa and Carranza, who had revolted against Huerta, to receive arms. The arrest of an Amer-

ican officer and some sailors at Tampico further strained relations between this country and Huerta. So it was decided to prevent delivery at Vera Cruz of 17,000,000 rounds of rifle ammunition ordered by the insurrectionist. Hence McCloy and 300 sailors from the *Florida* were sent to seize the Custom Pier. In the face of stiff opposition they succeeded in occupying the premises in two days, a job that took General Scott three weeks in 1847? As Chief Boatswain McCloy also was Beachmaster, his duties as the latter requiring him to forward supplies to the firing line, put the beach in a defensive state and take charge of refugees, prisoners and wounded.

When some of the *Florida's* battalion and several hundred marines from the U. S. S. *Prairie* came to grips with the Mexicans, it was soon apparent that they were too much for the Americans, so the *Utah* sent some 300 bluejacket reinforcements. There was an opening in the American lines of some two city blocks spaced with shacks, junk piles, railroad cars and other cover. When the Mexicans poured into this sector, they became a threat to McCloy's small shore detachment. So our son of battle notified Captain William R. Rush, the land commander, of the difficulty. Word came back for McCloy to remain put, as there was no danger. McCloy dispatched a second message suggesting that, to make it safe for both factions, an armed detail be sent. At this Rush and a young officer with sixteen men appeared. As they started to move forward McCloy warned, "I wouldn't go any farther. You're walking into an ambush." Rush replied that he did not think there were any Mexicans in that vicinity. To prove his point, McCloy ordered three steam launches, mounting one-pounders, to cruise along the waterfront as trial balloons. Fire on the suspected area brought instant response. McCloy, in the forward launch, was struck by a bullet in the left thigh and another shot put the engine out of commission. As McCloy did not want to dampen the spirit of his young crew, he kept mum about his injury, and it was all of two days before this man of wars quit fighting to have the bullet extracted and receive regular treatment. When Rear Admiral Fletcher, aboard the *Prairie*, saw through his glasses the predicament of the auxiliary craft, he let the Mexicans have it from a three-inch battery, forcing a retreat. One of the other launches transferred McCloy to the flagship, where a temporary dressing was put on the thigh. Fletcher's official commendation of the durable McCloy brought the second Congressional Medal of Honor, for through the experiment of this freshwater man the Americans were

able to gauge the location and strength of the Huertans, and halt a pincers movement on their shore position.

Back on shore McCloy was ordered to transfer his position to a railroad pier. After a few vain attempts he successfully signaled the Admiral that his order could not be obeyed until some spare ammunition and provisions left by the Americans when they shortened their lines had been salvaged. McCloy, though the thigh plagued him, helped to land thousands of reinforcements during the night. With the stubborn fall of the Naval Academy the next day the city was finally taken.

"A sailor member of the fighting forces," related McCloy, "was hit on the head by a stone dislodged from a wall by a shell. Thinking he was dead, they carried him back to his ship and the undertaker was about to embalm him when he opened his eyes and got off the slab."

Huerta managed to warn the captain of the Hamburg-American Line's *Ypiranga*, which was bearing the rebel ammunition, of the blockade, and the shells were unloaded at Port of Mexico. In less than three months, however, Huerta's resignation was tendered.

McCloy returned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the hospital ship *Solace* convinced that he was at last done with fighting, but four years after found him in World War I. And after serving through that he was detailed to the "suicide fleet," which cleared the Atlantic of mines.

Somewhat like the titular character of the play "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," our subject has nine others besides the equivalents of England's most coveted prize, the Victoria Cross, he can display. Fighting against the South, his father before him received a medal and was wounded by the shell that killed Lieutenant-Commander Charles W. Flusser off Plymouth, N. C.

On July 30, 1936, the eighteenth anniversary of the passing of that other distinguished Catholic warrior, Joyce Kilmer, in the Battle of the Ourcq, McCloy represented the Veterans of Foreign Wars at the dedication of 3,840 acres of Blue Ridge forest to the memory of the author of "Trees."

Today, though in his mid-sixties, this headline Holy Name man is willing to leave his snug harbor of a home in Leonia, N. J. to joust for his country in yet another war.

Who Listens?

Quentin M. Phillip

SUNDAY! People home at dinner. Deserted streets. A gray winter sky. Gloom in the air.

Wearily he trudged back to church. He had been to an early Mass, had read his missal as he always had read it, had prayed a private prayer. But it did not seem enough. He was full of an emptiness that ached. There had to be someone who must listen to his complaints, to his petitions.

Troubles he had a-plenty. Every small business man has them. Customers who never can be pleased, creditors who continually plague him, government puppets who constantly devise new inquisitorial torments to exact a plethora of taxes. At

home, other worries. Grown children who act as if they were the last word in wisdom, a wife who never ceases speaking of their unpaid household bills. Cheerfulness!

Yes, and nothing rosy about the world at large. War, and more war. In Europe, in Asia, everywhere, men trying to cut each other's throats. The Beautitudes completely forgotten, the Commandments ignored, religion used for a door-mat. He was sick of it, weary unto death of the callousness in which materialists bathed. Where to look forward, when horizons have become lost?

No man would care to listen to him. Each has his own troubles and worries, and is not disposed to share another's burden. He himself was like that. Certainly he had enough grief not to want more than his own. Yet, someone must listen to him. Man's cup is very small, soon is spilled over.

How bleak and cold the church seemed. An hour ago it was packed with worshippers at the High Mass. Now it echoed with a silence that might have been years in the storing. His shuffling footfalls reverberated with an uncanny grating somewhere in the nave; his nerveless cough carried a tingling ring to the organ loft. The saints from their leaded windows looked down as if in sparkless reproach.

Slowly, hesitantly, he walked up the center aisle to a seat in a front pew. Sputtering candles near the side altars complexioned his features to a funeral shade. A vast sense of loneliness gripped him. He wept.

Then, in his pew, he folded his hands in prayer. "Dear Lord," he said. And he said no more.

"Yes, what is it, son?" a voice answered him. So gentle a voice it was, so laden with softness that it fell upon his ears like night upon a peaceful vale.

And, yet, the voice terrified him. Terrified him so completely that he leaped from the pew and ran madly out of the church. Ran until he fell on the stairs to the street, where the curé of the parish picked him up.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the priest, helping him brush his coat. "What are you running from?"

Somehow he stammered what had happened, what he had heard. Somehow his own voice assured him he had not gone insane. And, somehow, he felt ridiculously ashamed. "I've got to be going home," he concluded.

"Stay, return," said the priest. "It may have been only your own imagination. Or, perhaps, there is someone in church who sat near you, and you had not seen him. Come, I'll go in with you."

Again he walked up the center aisle, again he sat in the front pew, the priest at his side. But long he paused before he folded his hands once more. He dared not rest his eyes on the tabernacle, for a weird fear had settled upon him. There was no one else in the church; he knew he had not imagined things.

At length, his trembling lips formed the words already once spoken. "Dear Lord," he began, and ended.

"Yes, what is it, son?" No mistaking that a voice had answered.

With another great leap, he bolted from his seat, knocked the priest down in his hurry to reach the street. At the door, he collapsed.

"Oh, my good man, don't be a fool!" The curé bent over him, again helped him to his feet. "What is your terrible dread?"

"Did you hear it? Did you hear it?" he exclaimed frightfully. "This place is haunted. There's—there's weird things here. Don't stop me. I've got to get out of here. I've got to—"

"No, no!" declared the curé. "You must stay. How little faith you have. I heard the voice. Can't you realize our Lord is here?"

"Our Lord?" He paled, shook in every bone. "Our Lord? No! Our Lord doesn't—no, it can't be! My stars, I'm going mad. I'm hearing things. My mind is playing tricks on me. This isn't natural—"

"Isn't it?" The priest smiled. "Isn't it natural to pray? Isn't it natural that Heaven should hear us? Go, pray. Pour out your heart. It is only a veil that separates us from Heaven; and Heaven is never deaf. Go, and glory in faith."

"But I—I'm afraid!" he blurted. "What will I say? What am I supposed to say? If that's a miracle, I—I—who am I that miracles should be for me? I came here merely to pray."

"And our Lord merely asked you what you wanted." The smile shone with saintly benevolence. "That is not a miracle. He gives ear to all of us who pray to Him. That we cannot hear him is because our faith is very weak. You have been favored. Don't run away."

"I won't." He composed himself, though he yet trembled. And once again he walked up the aisle, and sat in the front pew. And once again, after a difficult effort to assure himself he was in possession of his wits, he folded his hands, and said: "Dear Lord."

And once again he heard the voice. "Yes, what is it, son?"

But now his heart was still, his mind calm. In the soul of him was a peace prayer alone can beget. "Master, I adore Thee. In Thy goodness, I know Thou wilt take care of me. I am not afraid." And then he spoke and told of his troubles as he would have to his own mortal father.

Strange that the world cannot pray like that. Strange that the world hears only its own voice.

An Idea or Two

Clare Hampton

The Anonymous Letter

EVER SO often some community is stricken by an anonymous or "poison-pen" letter writer, causing enmities, disrupting family life, rousing suspicion where none existed before, bringing heartache, grief, and pain to hearts who before were happy and carefree. We should be ashamed to admit it, but we even have them in Catholic parishes. One such writer recently turned up in a certain large parish, and all the poison with which her soul reeked (yes, it was a woman, by the handwriting and inference) was poured down upon different members of the parish, and even upon the priests.

This person took it upon herself to correct everybody in the parish who did not do things in the manner she thought they should have been done; she wrote a husband that his wife was seeing a lot of another man, (it was a bill collector). Luckily the husband was sensible and had a good laugh out of it. But in another case, a daughter-in-law and mother-in-law who had been perfectly good friends were estranged by one of these letters. The pastor received six different letters and the assistants several. One young mother-to-be was berated for appearing at all the parish affairs and told she would do better to remain at home and not cause a scandal by her appearance. (And the Catholic Church teaches that it

is an honor to be a mother, and disgrace does *not* lie in complying with her laws.)

One woman who was a prominent worker in the parish received a missive saying that she ought to step out and give someone else a chance, whereas she was duly elected and appointed and the complaining person had as much chance as she, if only the chance were taken. And so the hateful thing went on, causing pain and unhappiness, and it could not be stopped because no one knew who it was. And it would be a good thing to remember our Lord's words, which fit perfectly in the case of "poison-pen" letter writers: "And why seest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, and seest not the beam that is in thy own eye?" (Matt. 7:3). We are all of us so imperfect that "it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

There is so much hatred and venom and malice in the world right now in that monstrous breach of charity called the war, that it would be a fitting antidote for Christians who love their Lord and want to be in Heaven some day with Him, to just go around saying kind things of everybody and loving things to everybody and doing kind acts every day just to make up for all the hate in the world!

Disobedience in Children

DISOBEDIENCE is considered one of the glaring faults of the children and youth of today, and in most cases, the cause may be traced to the parents themselves. It is a back-swing of the pendulum from the too-strict parents of yesteryear, when Father was head of the house, and his word was law, regardless as to whether his commands were reasonable or not. If asked why he gave such and such a command, he would answer: "Because I did, and that's that." And so he could sulk and take out his ill-will on his helpless family, and everybody trembled and no one dared contradict him or disobey him, under pain of a trip to the wood-shed—with all that that implied.

The back-swing resulted in the too-indulgent parent, the parent who was the child of yesteryear, under

the jurisdiction of the pompous tyrant who ruled the roost, and whom even Mother dared not oppose. The too-indulgent parent, smarting under the remembrance of the injustices suffered, determined to give his children, if he had any, "all the rope they wanted," forgetting that the second extreme is as bad as the first. For children, despite the new school of thought which advocates entire freedom with no hampering discipline to foster inhibitions, need a curb to their impetuosity, and wise guidance on the untried paths their inexperienced feet are so eager to travel.

For just as in the vegetable kingdom, the trees, shrubs, and flowers of the forest which grow wild, without pruning, cultivating or enriching the soil, so children who are entirely undisciplined and allowed to have

their own way entirely, grow up gnarled and knotty in character, with irregular offshoots which grow unpruned and make the tree one-sided and unsightly, with perhaps a secret dry-rot in its heart, which ultimately ruins the tree itself. These defects are not physical, but spiritual; the child may grow up to be a beautiful maiden or handsome youth and yet have secret faults and weaknesses which, if allowed to grow uncurbed, may result in grave troubles later in life.

Parents should require obedience to whatever commands they give—but they should give wise ones, and not too many. If a child receives too many commands, too many do's and don'ts, he finally grows confused and tired in his mind, and finds escape by ignoring them. Once this condition is permitted to exist, parents will have a hard time eradicating it; so it is wisest to begin from babyhood with only a few rules, but these should be strictly adhered to.

Washing Feathers

AFTER A year's use, especially after a hot summer, pillow ticks are often stained and dark looking. Feathers need not be washed every year, but if they seem flat and refuse to puff out after a day in the sun and wind, then they do need washing. The hottest summer day is best for this job—in fact, it takes, at best, three days of hot sun to dry a bag of washed feathers, and these must be pummelled about and fluffed out about every hour or so while hanging, so that all the fine down may puff out and not remain pasted together. For this makes the soft pillow. Feathers that are matted together and refuse to fluff out, make the pillow feel like a concrete pad along about two in the morning and if one is nervous and a light sleeper, this will disturb a calm night's rest.

It is not really a difficult job to do; the most important thing is, to prevent any feathers from being lost while transferring them from the tick to another bag of very thin unbleached muslin. Old flour bags are good for this work, or if there are none at hand, purchase some thin, cheap unbleached muslin and make a bag for each pillow that is to be washed. Take the pillow out to the yard, where it will not matter if a few feathers fly. Rip open the top of the pillow, hold the open end shut

by gathering together in the hand, and thrust down into the bottom of the muslin bag. Then let go, grasp the back end of the pillow and shake gently until all the feathers are out. When the tick is empty, tie the mouth of the bag shut with a piece of string and set aside. Proceed in the same manner until all the pillows are emptied. Stitch the ticks shut with large stitches, as some of the fine feathers will remain inside, and these will get out into the water and paste onto the outside of the tick and are very hard to remove.

If the wash machine is used, and other washing is to be done, douse the bags of feathers up and down in the suds right after the white clothes are finished. Do not rub with the hands as this breaks the feathers. Have a pail of clean warm water for rinsing, and change this water until all soap is removed from the feathers and the water remains clear. Then squeeze with the hands, but do not wring. Shake each bag well and hang on the line where the sun will hit them all day. The ticks may be put into the machine right after the light colored clothes, but before dark things are put in. Rinse them thoroughly in two or three waters and hang out in the sun. On a hot day even heavy ticks will be dry by evening, but the bags of feathers must be hung out in the sun for at least three days—more if they do not seem to be fat and fluffy. Some women hang them out

for a week. They may then be returned to the freshly ironed ticks and sewed shut on the machine.

Cooking Hints

Many people screw up their noses at garlic, yet smack their lips over a savory roast that has been—unknown to them—rubbed all over with a cut bud of garlic before salting and peppering and sprinkling with minced onion, a few drops of tabasco or red-hot sauce and dotting with small lumps of bacon fat, saved daily from the morning bacon and eggs.

People who use a lot of bacon for breakfast, should have a kettle kept for the purpose of receiving the fried-out bacon grease. This, when stored in the refrigerator and added to every day, is the secret of tasty roasts, marvelous steaks fried in it, luscious potato salad, cole slaw, green beans, etc. Some people like it on lettuce, instead of mayonnaise or oil, warmed on the fire with a little vinegar, water, salt and sugar.

Bananas, luckily, can be had all the year round; peel them, roll in sugar and cinnamon, wrap in pie crust and bake. Serve with hot lemon sauce.

Cookies and muffins can be varied with all the different cereals on the grocer's shelf. Most packages have the recipes printed on them; if not, substitute one cup cereal for one cup

flour and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon more baking powder since the cereal is heavier than flour.

Now that summer is coming, all those with electric refrigerators may have health-giving ice cream—a different kind every day, simply by pouring various mixtures into the cube pan. Some day hollow out cup cakes, line with jelly and fill with ice cream. Top with whipped cream or marshmallow sauce—if no one is dieting.

If that old gas stove with the good oven is being used down cellar as a laundry stove, you may bake in it all summer and have no heat in the kitchen. Try putting in a casserole of baked beans mixed with 2 teaspoons of syrup and topping with frankfurters for a quick, easy supper, perhaps on wash-day. Strips of bacon may be laid over the top if liked.

Give the omelet a good beating first, until frothy, then add a little onion juice, Worcestershire sauce, and minced green peppers. Fry in butter over a low fire so it will not scorch, until it sets. Then roll up and serve.

Did you know that lilies belong to the onion family? Five or six of them cooked whole in a beef stew without any other vegetables is a savory dish. When the relish runs out, chop up two or three onions fine and mix with vinegar, salt, pepper and sugar. Simple, and can be made as needed.

ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

Death of Father Basil

OUR hopes that Father Basil's gradual improvement from his illness would continue to complete recovery were shattered by his sudden death. Father Basil, the Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Jasper, Indiana, was already 81 years before there was any real break in his robust health last August. Those many years did not offer much hope for a complete recovery. During the fall his health did improve and he was able to leave his room to spend part of his day downstairs. No threats of a relapse occurred until the early morning of April 17. A slight heart attack and a weak spell made Father Basil summon help. He recovered and spent a quiet day. The fatal attack came that evening while he was preparing for supper. Stricken in the chair beside his bed Father fell unconscious to the floor. Father Roman and the other Fathers hurried to his aid and lifted him into the bed. Extreme Unction was administered and a half hour later Father Basil peacefully entered his eternal rest.

Father Basil's sturdy and rugged personality always gave evidence of his Swiss nationality. Fridolin Heusler was born in Switzerland on December 25, 1860. When the young emigrant came to America he was looking for a nobler career than worldly success. He had ambitions for the Priesthood and Religious Life. St. Meinrad's Abbey and Seminary offered him more than an opportunity of realizing his desires. The founders of St. Meinrad's Abbey were also from Switzerland—the famed monastic shrine of Maria Einsiedeln. Here the young exile would feel that home spirit of his native land. Fridolin Heusler entered the monastic novitiate at St. Meinrad in 1877. At his profession as a monk one year later he changed the name Fridolin for Frater Basil, O.S.B. Half of his ambition was realized. On May 20, 1883, the other great desire came true when he received the Holy Priesthood.

Then began an active priestly life of 59 years. Father Basil was appointed Rector of St. Meinrad's College and remained in that office for

the scholastic year of 1883 and 1884. The next year brought the biggest change and introduced Father Basil into his whole life's work—pastoral duties. In 1885 he left St. Meinrad's Abbey to assume duties as pastor of St. Anthony's Parish, St. Anthony, Indiana. These were years of preparation for greater responsibilities in the future. On September 12, 1898 Father Basil became Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Jasper, Indiana. For 44 years he guided one of the largest congregations in the Indianapolis Diocese. The expansion and development in the parish are a tribute to the Pastor's zeal and administrative ability.

In 1898 the congregation had just moved into the present church when the former pastor, Father Fidelis, died. Father Basil undertook the work of decorating and furnishing the new church. The late Pastor transformed a simple unadorned interior into an artistically complete church. Mosaics above the altar and decoration by Joseph Hahn, large marble altars, and a new organ are some of Father Basil's improve-

ments. With the church complete the Pastor devoted his attention to the school problem of the parish. Under his direction a fine new convent building was erected for the Sisters of Providence in charge of the grade school. A new modern school building was completed in 1929 for the 800 children of the parish. Father Basil's pastorate has given to the faithful of Jasper an ideal parish—deeply rooted in the traditional Catholic Faith and adequately equipped with parochial buildings.

Since 1912 Father Basil was Dean of the Jasper Deanery. These diocesan duties made him the friend and advisor to many priests in the southern part of the diocese. The large group of diocesan priests attending the funeral services testified their loyalty to Father Basil.

In parochial and civic life Father Basil had long been a leading figure in Jasper. His devoted flock requested that their Pastor might rest in the parish cemetery at Jasper. Father Abbot granted this wish. The funeral services were held in St. Joseph's Church on Tuesday morning, April 21. Bishop Ritter officiated at the throne, preached the funeral sermon and gave the final Absolution. The Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Abbot Ignatius. He was assisted by former boys of Jasper who began their studies for the Priesthood under Father Basil. Father Abbot conducted the final services at the grave in the parish cemetery.

Liturgical Week

IN THE Benedictine cloisters of France and Germany during the past century arose the apostolate of renewed interest in the Liturgy of the Church. The saintly Pius X saw in this Liturgical Apostolate great possibilities for his program of restoration in the Church. He gave invaluable aid and encouragement by his decree on Gregorian Chant, the reform of the Roman Breviary, and the restoration of the proper Sunday and Lenten Masses. Interest in the liturgical life of the Church spread to nearly all the countries of Europe. This interest of the faithful was fostered by observing a special week devoted to a study and living of the Liturgy. America has now followed this example by launching the "National Liturgical Week" in the fall of 1940. Archbishop Stritch sponsored the Liturgical Week in Chicago. This first venture in our country proved encouragingly successful. In 1941 Archbishop Murray of St. Paul welcomed the Liturgical Week to his episcopal city. The present war conditions have brought the Liturgical Apostolate back to a

Benedictine cloister. Father Abbot announced that Bishop Ritter of Indianapolis will sponsor the National Liturgical Week for 1942 and its sessions are to be held at our Abbey next October. For years our Abbey has lived a daily ideal life of the Church's Liturgy—High Mass in Gregorian Chant and the Divine Office. The Abbey will be an ideal setting for the purposes of the Liturgical week. Persons interested in the Liturgy of the Church can see it celebrated and lived in the traditional Benedictine way. Father Michael Ducey, O.S.B., the Secretary of the Benedictine Liturgical Conference, has established his office at the Abbey. He is now preparing the program of the week's meeting. The Liturgical Week will be held October 12 to 16.

Death Again

Just as THE GRAIL was being put to press the shocking news came of the sudden death of Father Thomas Schaefer, O.S.B., Pastor of St. Benedict's Parish, Evansville, Indiana. Few men have attained such universal esteem as did Father Thomas. A more complete résumé of the beloved pastor's life will appear in these pages next month, but be it recorded here that Father Thomas has merited just fame by his religious compositions as an organist and choir director, by his teaching at the Seminary and at Marmion Military Academy, and for the past three years by his zealous and untiring parochial work in one of the largest parishes of the diocese. THE GRAIL extends sincere condolences to the bereaved mother and to the brother, Father William Schaefer, of the Wichita Diocese. R.I.P.

Rogation Days

IN PREPARATION for the Ascension we observed the solemn liturgy of the Rogation Days. The three processions and Masses were celebrated at different places each day—Monte Cassino, the former Abbey Church below the hill of our present Abbey, and in the Abbey Church itself. Our Seminarians joined the monastic choir in the processions and at Mass. These Rogation Day Masses ask a special blessing on the fields for this year's

crop. At the Abbey our vineyard, the farm, and the garden are our most important fields. Fathers Philip, Dominic, and Fintan who are in charge of these food suppliers for our table were celebrants of the Rogation Masses.

Mary's shrine at Monte Cassino has a perennial attraction. Almost every Sunday afternoon pilgrims climb the high hill to our Lady's chapel. May seems to call with special appeal to the clients of Mary. The annual custom of pilgrimages at Monte Cassino during Mary's months of October and May have grown popular. Each Sunday of May this year attracted large crowds to the Monte Cassino devotions. The pilgrims reached a record mark on Mother's Day despite the threat of rain. For the students of the Minor Seminary a daily visit to Mary's chapel at Monte Cassino is now a traditional May practice. The pilgrims' group includes one student from each class.

Dramatic Success

IN THE early spring the announcement that "King Lear" would be presented by the Minor Seminary stirred up a bustle of dramatic activity. The cast and stage crew began preparations for a difficult task. "King Lear" is rated by critics as a real talent tester for actors. Father Jerome and Father Gerard selected the players and directed all the dramatic work. All the scenery was also the work of home talent—designed and executed by the stage crew and students. Shakespearean plays have always been a tradition at St. Meinrad's. Our students have produced almost all the better known plays of the great dramatist. Past dramatic history boasts a record of many notable successes. This year's presentation of "King Lear" advanced the standard that will long remain a challenge to ambitious thespians of the future. The demands made by "King Lear" for dramatic talent are many. King Lear (Robert Kitchin), his three daughters, Goneril (George Ottensmeyer), Regan (Cyril Hettich), and Cordelia (James Haberthier), Kent (Joseph Dieckhaus), Edmund (Thomas Kinnevey), Edgar (Edward Gaughan), and the Fool (Paul Pitchford) are all prominent characters. The actors of these roles offered true dramatic treats to the audience. The "stars" received fine support from the other players of the cast. A production is judged by its leading characters and best known scenes. The famous storm scene was staged with a realism that outclassed amateur make-believe. Our College Players presented a dramatic interpretation of "King Lear" that would thrill any student of Shakespeare. It rightfully heads the list of past successes.

Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

One thing about Heaven is that there will be eternal rest!

The Seventh Commandment means that honesty is the best policy for the soul also.

A glutton is one that does not distinguish between being hungry and feeling hungry.

The heart of a clown is like the heart of any other man.

A sense of humor will keep a man looking through rose colored glasses when another man would see red.

Give a fool enough rope and he will hang himself, if he does not hang you first!

Whether you like it or not, you must die.

Every crown of gold is lined with the thorns of worry and care.

One is not immune to faithlessness because one has been faithful many years.

Some truths are so homely that they cannot be dressed up.

A crazy-quilt soul is one with patches of virtue and vice.

Disappointments taken in stride make a man of one spiritually.

It is a coward that grinds his heel on the neck of a man that is down.

Life is not theory; it is practice.

Passion is a sleeping lion; beware lest you arouse it.

Flattery is a net that often ensnares the feet of the wary.

A boaster is his own yell-leader.

Hell or Heaven is a life-sentence for Eternity.

A debt you owe your neighbor is a good example.

It is better to die in God's grace than in His disgrace.

If one's knowledge is meagre, one should listen and not shout.

Life is a battle of hard knocks, but it is the upturned chin that wins.

Warning children against sin seems to some to be effort wasted; however, it is the setting of time-bombs in their consciences for their maturity.

Some people get the "blues" so badly they could use their tears for ink!

Meekness is not weakness but a virtue; and a virtue is strength.

If your brain is used to shallow waters, stay out of the intellectual depths lest you drown your faith.

No matter how great or how small one's fortune or fame, there is no room for either in the pockets of a shroud.

We are the guests of Life and have not here a permanent dwelling.

Faith will move mountains, anything; but prayer is the moving-van.

An optimist counts only his good "breaks"; a pessimist only his bad ones.

There are many secrets to sanctity, but none to its surest attainment, humility, save humiliations.

The Saints were not queer; it is we that are queer.

A weak man's temptations are a strong man's victories.

Some people would make good "brass" salesmen.

In life there are the tasselled circus horses always on parade prancing about the almost unnoticed beasts of burden.

Our blessed Mother understands the Rosary of those who pray it with the beads of perspiration: the mother about her household tasks, the worker in the factory and field, and all who labor.

Life is a stage and the only permanent stars are the Saints.

What greater personal burden is there in life than that of a guilty conscience?

The soul is purged of its dross by trials and temptations. A simple truth that is often forgotten, but we like such a purifying as much as a boy likes soap and water.

The spirit should not only be willing, but strong. A weak body has nothing to do with it, except to use itself as an excuse when such a handicap is really an asset.

Are You Moving?

If you are moving, or have moved, do not fail to fill in this notice, or send a postal card with *both* your old and new address to: THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA. The Post Office does *not* forward magazines; thus your new address should be sent to *THE GRAIL* two weeks before the next issue is published.

NAME.....

Old Address:

STREET.....

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New Address:

STREET.....

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(Please write plainly or print.)

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